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...ful and three spoonfuls of
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...ENNEDY,
Roxbury, Mass,
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...medies originating with my
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...KELLEY, A. P.
...THE KELLEY REMEDIES.
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...of all diseases
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...we do not affect positive
...e to be false
...medicine free.
...Broadway, New York.
...ENTS—$75 to $200 per
...ere, male and female, to in-
...INE IMPROVED COM-
...MILY SEWING MACHINE.
...t stitch, hem, fell, tuck, quilt,
...and embroider in a most su-
...Price only $18. Fully war-
...ears. We will pay $1000 for
...at will sew a stronger, more
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...s! Look Stitch." Every see-
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...TSBURGH, PA.; BOSTON
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...all Agents selling Machines
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...prosecute all parties either sel-
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Vigor,
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...eratum of the Age.
A dressing which
is at once agreeable,
healthy, and effectual
for preserving the
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Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co.,
ANALYTICAL CHEMISTS,
ELL, MASS.
ICE $1.00.
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GEORGE TALBOT, Adm'r.
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...th of Massachusetts.
Probate Court.
...d others interested in the Estate
...n, late of Dorchester, said County,
Greeting:
...UEL W. ROWE, the administrator
...of said deceased, has presented to
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...ed to appear at a Probate Court to
...ge, in said County on the second
...xt, at nine o'clock in the forenoon,
...you have, why said account
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...ordered to serve this citation by
...once a week in the Massachusetts
...per printed at Boston, three weeks
...publication to be two days at least,
M A. RICHARDSON, Esq., Judge
...enth day of February, in the year
...and eight hundred and seventy.
J. H. TYLER, Register.
...th of Massachusetts.
Probate Court.
...Creditors, and all other Persons in-
...te of EPHRAIM M. WHITE, late
...d County, deceased, intestate:
...dication has been made to said
...a letter of administration with the
...e estate of said deceased, to WAL-
...Natick, in the county of Middlesex,
...ed to appear at a Probate Court, to
...in said County of Norfolk, on the
...next, at nine o'clock in the fore-
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...K. Mason, is hereby directed to give
..., by publishing this citation once a
...of three weeks, in the newspaper called
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...two days, at least, before said Court.
...WHITE, Esquire, Judge of said
...th day of February, in the year
...hundred and seventy.
J. H. COBB, Register.
...th of Massachusetts.
Probate Court.
..., Creditors, and all other persons
...Estate of JOHN GOULD, late of
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AM A. RICHARDSON, Esq., Judge
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...hundred and seventy.
J. H. TYLER, Register.

MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN

DEVOTED TO AGRICULTURE, HORTICULTURE, THE FARM, THE GARDEN,

THE FIRESIDE, RURAL LIFE, LITERATURE, USEFUL ARTS, NEWS, &c.

AND NEW ENGLAND AGRICULTURE.

JOURNAL OF

VOLUME XXIX.....NO. 23. BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 5, 1870. WHOLE NUMBER 1477.

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2. The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from the post-office, or removing and leaving them uncalled for, is *prima facie* evidence of intentional fraud.

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Editorial.

MARCH ON THE FARM.

The cows will soon be coming in now, and will require close attention and care. No cow should be allowed to give milk from the birth of one calf to another. It is sometimes not very easy to dry off a good cow, but it can and ought to be done, since it is too heavy a draft upon her physical powers. Six weeks rest is little enough and a longer time is desirable. If the cow has a natural tendency to milk up to the time of calving, she should be supplied with the best food and an abundance of it or she will become greatly exhausted. But the milk will be drawn at the expense of the coming calf. If he is of no consequence, and the milk is the only product wanted, the flow may be continued by stimulating food, but the yield of the succeeding season will be reduced.

As the period of calving approaches, the cow should be kept quiet, though she may be allowed to take gentle exercise. A loose box stall should be allowed her as the period draws nigh, and she should be closely watched. Her food should not be too stimulating. She ought to be in good condition from previous care and attention. A cow during the period of gestation requires better care than many farmers are accustomed to give, and unless she is kept in good condition by abundant and nutritious food, the results will not be satisfactory. Over feeding and pampering should, of course, be avoided, but a full supply of wholesome food is essential.

After parturition the calf may be left a day or two with its dam or it may be removed at once according to the purpose for which it is bred. If it is to go for veal at the age of four or five weeks, it is best to let it suckle and take all it will. If it is to be raised by hand it should have the milk of the cow for the first few days, but if the udder is all right it is probably better, on the whole, to take it immediately from the cow, rub it thoroughly dry, and put in a warm pen by itself out of the cow's sight. The custom of leaving it with the cow for two or three days, is objectionable. It leads the cow to become attached to it, and when it is removed she feels its loss far more keenly than we are apt to suppose. But if the udder is inflamed, it may be desirable to leave the calf to draw the milk, as no other mode of drawing the milk is so soothing.

A calf to be raised for the dairy should have the pure milk from the cow for at least a week or ten days before any attempt is made to substitute other food.

All stock will need care through this month. A frequent carding will do a great deal of good. A frequent change of food is now more desirable than earlier in the winter. The mangolds come in now as an important aid, and they are far more valuable now than they were in December or January. This root is therefore the food for the late winter and spring. All roots should be cut or sliced before feeding out to prevent the possibility of choking. The "Excelsior" Root cutter is one of the simplest and best for this purpose in the market. Good hay does not need cutting. We believe the experience of the best farmers and cattle feeders has settled that point, that it does not pay to cut feed, especially the better sorts, but we suppose there can be no question as to the policy of slicing roots.

This is a busy month of preparation for work. The days are now longer than they were a month ago, and they give more time for out of door work. How is it about the woodpile? Is there a supply sufficient to keep the pot boiling through the summer? It would not do to come short in fuel through the working months. How is it about the tool house? Are the ploughs, the drags, the harrows, the shovels, the hoes, the carts and all the other "fixings" in order for spring work? How is it about those harnesses? Are they strong and durable to go into the trying season of work on the farm? A thousand little odd jobs are always turning up on the farm, and the live farmer should always keep his eyes open.

There is work also about the land. Before the end of this month many light lands can, perhaps, be ploughed to advantage. That is the advantage of a light land farm. It enjoys a longer season. It is dry and ready to work earlier than one of another soil. The bushes in the pastures can be cut now as well as any time. The soil is open, loose, easily lifted, and so are the surface rocks. A few days work at these will help improve the pastures. Aye, there is the rub. The pastures need it. Much of the success of the farm turns on the condition of the pastures. We have robbed them, and our fathers robbed them before us. They need our immediate care and attention. A day's work upon them now will cost less than a day's work in summer. If it is rightly directed, it will amount to about as much.

And then there are the fences. Why not fix them up now, and have them all right before you get ready to turn in the stock? If you get a few fast rocks out of the mowing lots to put into stone walls, it might be the means of "killing two birds with one stone," though we do not believe in killing birds any how. Have not half enough of them now. Better feed than to kill them.

Towards the end of the month will be a good time to sow clover seed. Ten or twelve pounds to the acre is little enough, and fifteen pounds is none too much if the land is good, and in good condition. On all pieces laid down in the fall after the middle of August, clover seed applied in the spring is needed. It will pay to sow it with a liberal hand.

FARM HELP.

It is best to secure the help on the farm this month. The rate of wages for the season is not yet fixed, perhaps, but we have noticed that the best "hands" are apt to be snatched up early in the season, and if the hiring is put off too long, we have to take such as we can get.

It is well to remember that as a general rule the best help even at a good or high price, is usually the cheapest. It does not follow to be sure, that good wages secure good workmen. A faithful, trusty, skillful, hired man, who feels an interest in his work, and takes hold as if it were for himself, is a rare bird now-a-days, but he is sometimes to be found.

The average rate of wages paid to farm laborers in 1869, according to the report of the Department of Agriculture, was $25 13 without board, and $15 88 with board. The average wages for the different sections of the country in 1868 and 1869 were as follows: In 1868—Eastern States, $33 30; Middle States, $30 07; Western States, $28 91; Southern States, $16; California, $45 71. The rates of wages in 1869 were as follows: Eastern States, $32 03; Middle States, $29 15; Western States, $27 01; Southern States, $16 81; California, $46 38.

BREEDS OF POULTRY.

The Game Fowl.

There are several varieties of game fowls, but they differ only in color. The games are of medium weight, very heavy birds not possessing that beautiful symmetry and grace of form which characterize birds of medium size. First rate game cocks seldom reach six pounds, and under four pounds for the hens should be the style to be sought by the breeder. It is not very easy to describe the game cock, because there is no one point that is prominent over others, all the parts being combined into one harmonious whole. The plumage should be hard, firm and glossy, the tail well arched in the cock, and forming a large fan in the hen; the wings large and carried close to the side. The legs in the cock are fleshy and of great strength. The neck is long, arched and "reachy." The head is peculiarly beautiful, more so than that of any other breed of fowls. It is small, thin, long, and graceful as that of a grey hound, yet all appearance of weakness is taken from it by the massive stoutness of the well curved beak. The eye is large, full and exceedingly brilliant; the comb small, thin and quite erect. The spur in well bred birds is dense and sharp, and even the hens are not unfrequently well spurred.

Game birds have been bred for many generations for the purpose of fighting; consequently all the efforts of breeders have been directed to raising birds that were the most active, powerful and courageous; hence the present elegance and beauty of the race.

The most common variety of game fowls, are those known as the Black Breasted Reds, or as they are often termed Black Reds. The cocks of this variety have the breast, thighs and tail bright glossy black, the neck, back and saddle red, and the wing feathers bay with a deep steel blue bar across the wing.

In the Brown Reds, the breast of the cocks is mottled with brown, and the wing feathers are dark and not bay. The hens of this dark breasted breed are much darker in color than the hens of the black breasted cocks. This fact is well known to practical breeders, but many are not well posted on this point, and so at some shows black red cocks are often seen with brown red hens, and *vice versa*, a mistake which is absolutely fatal to success in winning prizes.

There are also Pure White Game, Pure Black, and a variety called Piles, to say nothing of the Duckwing game. In the Piles the cock should be white where the Black Red bird is black, and red where he is red. Piles may be produced by breeding from a Black Red cock and a white hen, and so they are held in less estimation than good black or brown reds.

Game fowls are always *dubbed* or *trimmed*; that is the comb and gills are cut off. This may seem cruel, but in reality it prevents a much greater degree of pain if the bird ever gets engaged in a combat, and consequently the plan is followed by all breeders and keepers of game fowls. To take off the comb a pair of sharp, thin, strong scissors are required. Pressing these close to the head at the back of the comb, the bird being held securely by an assistant, they are then closed, and the comb cut off from the back to the front. The wattles should be taken off at the same time, and each one removed by one cut of the scissors. Care should be taken to leave the band of skin between the wattles, otherwise a large wound is produced. This may be done best by simply cutting off each wattle without pulling it, merely letting it lie between the scissors blades as the head is turned up for the operation. The folds of red skin, near the ear holes, which are termed the ear-lobes or deaf ears, by fanciers, should not be taken off at the same time, and not till after the other cuts are healed. When a game cock has been once dubbed his appearance is certainly much improved. The head becomes snaky, and the large eye, expressive of enduring courage, looks far more prominent and lustrous than before. At six months old is the time when this necessary operation is usually performed.

Where fowls have to shift for themselves to seek a large part of their own food, and to rely on their own resources, there is no breed that does better than the game. Cocks and hens are both courageous and will fight desperately in defence of their young. The hens are good sitters and unequalled as mothers. They do not produce as large numbers of eggs as those breeds, like the Spanish, the Hamburghs, and the Polish, that never sit.

For table use the chickens are unsurpassed for the goodness of their flesh, but for selling in the market as table fowls, they have one or two drawbacks, that is, they are not as large as the Dorking or the Brahmas, and as the legs are almost always colored, they are not quite so highly esteemed for boiling by some over fastidious persons.

It is no use to attempt to keep game fowl in a confined space. If one cannot let his fowls have a large and almost unlimited run, where there is grass and herbage, and insects to pick, he had better not try the game. All their beauty depends on being in a high condition, so that their plumage may be lustrous and their carriage the *beau ideal* of grace and elegance. They never reach this high condition except where they have a large grass run.

VEGETABLES IN HOUSE CELLARS.

Probably few farmers are aware of the extremely deleterious effect of storing vegetables in considerable quantities in the cellar of the house beneath the apartments occupied by the inmates. There is always a large amount of exhalation from such heaps when they become heated as they do by lying in bulk, to say nothing of the decay of more or less vegetables in the heap, and before winter is out these noisome exhalations become so abundant and so strong as to "scent" the whole house.

Fevers and other diseases are the almost inevitable result. The doctor's bill will generally be enough to have built a good vegetable cellar or pit for storing vegetables. Our friend, David B. Flint, Esq., of Watertown, having noticed several instances of disease in families that could, as he thought, be traced to this practice, addressed an inquiry to the State Board of Health, composed of the most eminent and competent physicians, received the following reply:—

"Having been requested to give an opinion concerning the effect upon health caused by storing vegetables in the cellars of occupied dwellings, we would reply,

1st. That while such vegetables are entirely free from decay the practice is probably harmless.

2d. It is perfectly certain that decaying vegetable matter gives rise, in a way which science has not yet fully explained, to exhalations which are poisonous; that it taints the air with which it is in contact; that it seems to invite the attack of epidemics; that it diminishes the power of the body to resist disease of every kind; that it is especially favorable to the production of fevers.

3d. That the air of a cellar cannot be prevented from passing throughout the building under which it is placed.

For these reasons we are of opinion that the practice of storing the produce of the farm in the cellars of dwelling houses is always attended with danger, and ought to be given up, since the utmost care is required in the course of our long winters to prevent decomposition from taking place.

HENRY I. BOWDITCH, M. D.
GEORGE DERBY, M. D.
R. T. DAVIS, M. D.
Members of the Massachusetts State Board of Health.

Boston, Feb. 14, 1870."

The above unequivocal testimony from so eminent an authority, ought to lead to an immediate abandonment of the practice among farmers and others, that is the storing of vegetables in large quantities and allowing them to decay.—ED.

CONDENSING MILK FACTORY.

We had the pleasure of examining Lewis's Condensing Milk Factory, at West Brookfield, a few days ago, and we intended to present some interesting facts in regard to it to the readers of the *Ploughman*. Such is the crowded state of our columns, however we are obliged to defer any extended notice of this interesting establishment to a more convenient season. We would say, however, that this factory is one of the largest in the country, and is doing a good business. Its capacity is six thousand quarts a day. It is making now about one hundred and fifty dozen one pound cans a day. It applies the patent of Gail Borden, and has to pay him a royalty. The pound cans of condensed milk sell in the market for $3.75 per dozen. Plain milk is reduced eighty per cent by evaporation, and about two hundred and eighty pounds of the best refined white sugar are added to one thousand quarts of milk. The market is largely in southern cities and for shipping.

SPLENDID DAIRY TOWN.

While at Hardwick a few days ago, we visited the farm of E. Mandell, Esq., who keeps about fifty cows, and is making both cheese and butter through the winter. We gathered many interesting facts and statistics, of which we shall avail ourselves as opportunity offers. Orrin Trow, Esq., showed us his fine stallion, and at the barn of Hon. William Mixter, Mr. Ruggles showed us a remarkably fine stallion two year old colt, from Mr. Trow's horse. Mr. Mixter has one of the finest and best trained pair of cattle in that part of the country. Their weight is 4410 pounds. They are admirably matched and will do anything that could be expected of such animals. Mr. Page's herd is also very fine. We are indebted to many Hardwick dairymen for a genial and pleasant visit to that dairy section.

DELEGATES

TO THE AGRICULTURAL EXHIBITIONS IN MASSACHUSETTS.

At the recent annual business meeting of the State Board of Agriculture, the following delegates were appointed to attend and report upon the exhibitions of the various agricultural societies. To the

Essex—Richard Goodman of Lenox.
Middlesex—Albert Fearing of Hingham.
Middlesex North—N. P. Brown of Florida.
Middlesex South—A. P. Slade of Somerset.
Worcester—J. K. Brown of Barnardston
Worcester West—E. Stone of Dedham.
Worcester North—W. S. Clark of Amherst.
Worcester North West—L. H. Bradford of Fitchburg.
Worcester South—L. Saltonstail of Newton.
Worcester South East—A. P. Peck of Northampton.
Hampshire, Franklin and Hampden—J. Johnson of Framingham.
Hampshire—Geo. T. Plunkett of Hinsdale.
Highland—G. M. Baker of Marshfield.
Hampden—M. P. Wilder of Boston.
Hampden East—Asa Clement of Dracut.
Union—John Pierce of Edgartown.
Franklin—Thos. W. Ward of Shrewsbury.
Berkshire—Wm. Knowlton of Upton.
Housatonic—Geo. B. Loring of Salem.
Hoosac Valley—Geo. A. King of Barnstable.
Norfolk—J. T. Kilsworth of Barre.
Bristol—C. C. Bassett of Athol.
Bristol Central—A. J. Bucklin, of South Adams.
Plymouth—Wm. Birnie of Springfield.
Hingham—N. S. Hubbard of Brimfield.
Marshfield—J. P. C. Hyde of Newton.
Barnstable—O. Warner of Boston.
Nantucket—J. A. Morton of Hadley.
Martha's Vineyard—E. W. Boise of Blandford.

The Board voted to hold its next country meeting at Framingham on the 6th, 7th and 8th of December next.

THE LEGISLATIVE VISIT TO THE AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.

On the 22d of February, there being no session of the Legislature, the members were invited to visit the Agricultural College at Amherst, and nearly two hundred of them started in a special train at eight and one half o'clock of that morning, in connection with the express train which leaves at the same hour. The Legislative train was in charge of B. W. Hobart, Esq., of the Boston and Albany railway. The train arrived at Amherst at about half past twelve o'clock, where a large number of the townspeople had assembled with a numerous variety of vehicles, to convey them to the College grounds. As soon as the train reached the depot the bells of the town commenced to ring, which, together with a profuse display of flags floating from many of the private residences and other buildings, showed that the people regarded the arrival of the General Court as an event of no little importance. The company were met by President Clark and others, and the conveyances generously provided by the citizens were soon filled. Under escort of Company C., 2d Regiment, the procession wended its way to the College Hall of Amherst College, where a bounteous collation had been furnished by the ladies of the town. The galleries were completely filled with ladies. After the Divine blessing had been invoked by President Stearns of Amherst College, the company proceeded to dispose of the edibles with evident relish, the long ride and keen air giving them an eager appetite. By the way of a dessert, Col. Clark introduced the Glee Club of Amherst College, who favored the party with several excellent songs which were received with applause by the members, some of them calling forth encores.

President Clark then stated the urgent need of a further appropriation by the Legislature in order that the institution might secure the usefulness for which it was intended. The College should be furnished with whatever was necessary to render it equal to the best in the country, and with the aid which it deserved it could be made the best in the country. The College was now as full of students as it could accommodate, and in order to receive another class, which was much needed, new buildings would have to be erected. The institution was now established and moving on, and true economy demanded that the necessary buildings should be built, which the State pledged itself to provide when it accepted the lands of the college grounds from the United States. Col. Clark also spoke in high terms of praise of the military studies pursued at the college by the students, under Captain Alvord, of the United States Army.

Further remarks as to the aid required from the Legislature in order that the College might attain the efficiency it deserved, were made by President Stearns and Rev. Mr. Dowse, of Sherburne, and remarks as to the value of maintaining its military branch were made by Gen. Chamberlain, of Governor Claflin's staff, and Col. Grammar, of Woburn.

Our friend, Hon. Oliver Warner, Secretary of the Commonwealth, also made a very capital and telling speech in his usual happy vein.

At the conclusion of the speeches an opportunity was afforded the members to witness an exhibition of military tactics by the junior class of the College, and their movements as a general thing were well executed, and called forth liberal applause.

After leaving the hall the carriages were again called into requisition, and the party proceeded to the grounds of the Agricultural College and inspected the buildings, a beautiful view of which we present in another column. After a full inspection of the premises, the plant houses, dormitories, barn, &c., the party returned to the station and started for Boston a little before five o'clock arriving in Boston at half past eight o'clock. All seemed pleased with their visit.

Questions & Answers.

LEAVES FOR MANURE.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

I wish to inquire through the *Ploughman*, if partly decayed beach and maple leaves, would be suitable as a manure to plant potatoes on. The soil is poor, worn out land, and oblige CONSTANT READER.

Kittery Depot, Me., Feb. 1, 1870.

If the soil is inclined to be heavy and cold the leaves might help to lighten it a little, and so prove beneficial. To use alone, however, you would find them a poor substitute for manure. Leaves are worth most to use as bedding, when they go into and increase the bulk of stable manure and are worth using. On a light soil, particularly one that is worn out, you need a stronger and a more concentrated fertilizer.—[ED.

WARTS ON COWS' TEATS.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

Can you inform your subscribers, through the *Ploughman*, what will cure warts on cows' teats? ALBERT MORSE.

You can tie a fine silk cord tightly around the root of the wart when the cow is not in milk. That stops the circulation of blood to it, when it will soon die and fall off. That is a common and effectual method. If the wart is large at the base, and of a form which does not admit of tying, you can burn it off by lunar caustic. Get it at any apothecary's, and all that is needed is to rub it well over the wart. In a few weeks the wart will disappear.—[ED.

LOSS OF HAIR.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

What will stop the hair from coming out of cattle? We have four or five cattle who are likely to become bald. E. A. H.

Weymouth, Jan. 29, 1870.

The loss of hair on the approach of spring is quite common among cattle. It is most frequently due to lice or some cutaneous disease, which keeps the skin irritated, and causes the animal to rub whenever it can get a chance. In some cases, however, it occurs when no insects can be discovered, and may be owing to insufficient nourishment, or to improper substances used as bedding. Buckwheat straw for instance, would irritate the skin, and lead to a constant inclination to rub and to a loss of the hair. The approach of spring weather increases it.

Piscieulture.

"FISH BREEDING."

NUMBER II.

BY PROF. LOUIS AGASSIZ.

[From stenographically Reported.]

Now fish raising or fish breeding ought to be conducted on the same principles on which growing of all these various products which are cultivated on the farm is carried on. That is, not to follow strictly the indications of nature, but, having learned from nature what are the most favorable conditions for the growth and reproduction of the various kinds of fish, enlarge the capacity of a breed, and in that way increase the number.

There is another feature which is very important in fish breeding, and that is, that we can control their increase perhaps more readily than we can that of other animals, on account of the very large number of eggs which they lay. There are fishes, a single female of which lays many hundreds of thousands of eggs at one time. If we could secure the conditions which would prevent the largest proportion of those eggs from being wasted, from becoming the prey of those animals which feed upon them, from being carried by currents or tides or the winds into places which are unfavorable for their growth, if we could, in fact, secure the perfect development of every one of those eggs, you see at once how largely we might multiply animals which apparently do not increase in number in their natural element, and we have therefore to learn, in order to be successful in fish breeding, first, what are the conditions which are most favorable to the growth of the different kinds. And here we shall have to learn a great deal which is not known, and which I am not able to tell you. Fish breeding has been practiced, thus far, in the old world, upon fishes, no one of which do we find in our waters. Therefore, what has been learned in fish breeding abroad will avail us only in a measure, to the extent to which our fish resemble those fishes, and not fully, because ours are distinct and separate kinds, peculiar to our waters, and not found elsewhere. It is true, if we should judge by the names, we should at once infer that we have plenty of the same fishes. We have the trout, we have the pickerel, we have the eel, we have the white fish, we have the bass,—in fact, all our fishes have received names which apply to fishes in Europe; but, for all that, they are not the same. The first settlers of this country, when they met these fishes in these waters, gave them the names of the fishes which they most resembled;—but they did not recognise the slight differences, or, sometimes, the more prominent differences which distinguish them. You have a familiar example in some of our birds. Every one knows that the European robin is a small bird, not larger than a sparrow, which is totally different from the bird which we call the robin; but both have red breasts, and, struck by the similarity to the European robin in this respect, the first settlers, seeing a bird approaching their houses as familiarly as the robin does in the old world, gave it that name; and yet it is a bird which does not even belong to the same family among birds. So you see that in order to be successful in carrying out this new business of fish breeding, we must first study our own fishes; we must learn in what manner the trout of these waters differ from the brook trout of the old world; we must remember that even in different parts of this country, there are different kinds of brook trout;—that the brook trout in the high north, beyond Lake Superior, is another kind from our own brook trout; and we have to learn what are the differences in the habits of our lake trout, as compared with the lake trout of Europe; we have got to learn what are the differences in the ways of our pickerel, as compared with the pickerel of Europe; and so with every kind of fish. Here is, therefore, one of the first difficulties which is to be overcome; and while following in a measure the indications of those who have been successful in this business abroad, we must remember that if we meet with failure, it may very likely be owing to the differences in the habits and constitution of similar fishes in the two hemispheres.

There is another point that is of great importance. Fishes breed at very different seasons and require, during the time necessary for the eggs to hatch, very different conditions. There is one entire family of fish, that of the Salmonoids, as naturalists call them, including the *Salmonidæ*, which all breed in the cold season of the year. They require very cold water to be hatched. Here we must accept ideas entirely different from those with which we are familiar. When we would hatch the eggs of our hens or of other birds, we know that we must submit those eggs to an increased temperature. The hen sits in feverish heat upon the eggs, and by that heat she warms the yolk, the germ is developed, the chick grows, and is finally hatched. If you were to submit the eggs of the trout to a higher temperature than that of the water in this cold season, your eggs would die at once. It must be remembered that the temperature most favorable for the raising of trout's eggs is about forty degrees Fah., and rather below than above. They may stand a temperature down to thirty-two degrees; they may even be surrounded by ice, frozen in, and yet not die; and if you expose them to any warmer temperature, you are sure to kill your whole brood.

Here is an important point to remember, in connection with the raising of that particular class of fishes; and all the members of this family are in the same predicament. To this family belong, in the first place, the salmon; then lake trout; then brook trout, and all the different kinds of brook trout. Moreover, the white fish of the great lakes belong to this family. It looks very differently in its external appearance, and yet it has all the organic or structural character of the trout; and, like the trout, it breeds in this late season of the year, and its young are hatched under the influence of a cold temperature. I have myself made experiments upon these white fish; not the kind which we have in our lakes, but the kind which is quite common in the lakes of Switzerland. Some thirty years ago and more, for physiological purposes, I raised some of those fishes, and I frequently, exposing them in a cold room, found them in the morning frozen up in the wash bowl in which I kept them; and yet they would stand that perfectly well, and if the temperature was never raised above forty degrees, I was sure to carry those young safely through; but whenever the temperature rose higher they invariably died.

MASSACHUSETTS AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.

We are happy to present a new and beautiful illustration of the Massachusetts Agricultural College at Amherst, recently drawn and engraved for the Department of Agriculture at Washington, by whose favor we present it to our readers. It is a growing institution.

Correspondence.

"ABORTION IN COWS."

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

Much has been published in the *Ploughman* about "abortion in cows." With your permission I will give my opinion as to the general cause of this difficulty. In nine cases out of ten, this results from mechanical means, such as violent exertion, running from other animals, slipping on awkward standings; but the greatest of all causes is rough treatment from attendants. I have had five cases among my herd. The first was caused by one cow springing violently at another, causing her to strike hard against a fence. This resulted in abortion. In another case the animal slipped when driven quickly through a door. This case resulted as the above. In another case the animal was driven too far. Another case, an attendant was sent to drive the cows to pasture. He mounted a horse and started them upon a fast run, and the result was the same as in the other cases. In the other case, I purchased a cow of a neighbor; the animal was unwilling to leave her old home, and ran very fast in trying to evade her drivers. The result was abortion, and the ruin of one of the best of cows. In all of the above cases rough treatment was the cause of the difficulty. Many herdsmen keep in the same enclosure cows, oxen, young cattle, horses, colts, etc. The pregnant cows should always have an enclosure by themselves to prevent them from being injured by the other animals, and if the scripture admonition was more strictly observed, that is to deal gently with such as are with young, we think there would be fewer cases of abortion amongst cows.

Very respectfully,

SAMUEL D. LANE.

North Hampton, N. H., Feb. 21, 1870.

SAGE CHEESE.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

The art of making good sage cheese appears at present to be among the lost arts. Sixty years ago sage cheese was considered an indispensable luxury upon every well-to-do farmer's table. The art of making it required no little skill. The freshest leaves of the plant, which was always cultivated in the garden, were crushed to a pumace, by pounding them in a cloth. The juice was then mixed with the curd, which gave it a muddy green tint, and whenever the farmers' wives assembled at a neighbor's of an afternoon, the good hostess was sure to invite visitors to her well filled cheese room, where were arranged upon ample shelves, the rich and yellow cheese, colored without the aid of otter or any other ingredient, save the good old brindle's cream and never failing sage. Old Mrs. Grimes was remarkable for her economy. She never permitted anything to be thrown away that could possibly be converted into money. Her cheese was always sold in market, whether new or skimmed, rich or hard as an oaken chip. One afternoon, a company of farmers' wives were assembled at her tea table, when among the many good things that graced her board was the inevitable sage cheese. "I don't know as you can eat it," said she. "I had despr'ate bad luck with it this year; plaguy old sow; it looks jest like sage, but 'taint sage arter all; plaguy old critter. I don't know but I orter tell ye—plaguy old sow—if it didn't look so much like sage I wouldn't, but now I'll tell jest how it all happened—plaguy old critter. The fact on't is, I got a hull panful of good, nice, white curd all salted, e'en most ready to put intew the hoop—plaguy old sow—and I set it outside in the sun, and don't you think the plaguy old critter come along and *stuck her old nasty snout right intew it, and ruted it all over.* I don't know as you can eat it, it looks jest like sage, but 'taint." UNCLE LEUIN.

Cressbrook Farm.

STRENGTH OF ICE.

From experiments lately made in Germany for the purpose of testing the strength of ice when a pond or river is frozen over, it appears that when its thickness is an inch and a half, it will just bear the weight of a single man; when about three inches and a half, it will bear detachments of infantry with their rank rather wide apart; with a thickness of four and four-tenths inches, eight pounders can be conveyed over it on sledges; five and two-tenths inches will bear twelve pounders; eight inches will bear twenty pounders; and a thickness of twelve inches will bear any weight.

☞ Those who think our cultivated lands must grow poor as they grow old, will find food for reflection in the fact that not many years back, the average yield of wheat per acre in England was about ten bushels—it is now over thirty bushels. Brains accomplished it.

The Dairy.

HOW MUCH MILK AND BUTTER WILL A COW GIVE?

A correspondent of the English Agricultural *Gazette* gives his experience in Dairy Farming. He says:

"I consider 720 gallons (2,880 quarts) a fair return in a year for a cow, and this quantity of milk, if the food does not contain more than eighty per cent. of moisture, will produce from two hundred and eighty to two hundred and ninety pounds of butter." This same writer says, that twenty-five and one-fourth pounds of milk, or about ten quarts, will make one pound of butter. He also states that five gallons or twenty quarts, was the highest daily yield of one cow. He was evidently a practical man, for he actually kept forty-eight cows. He states that forty-seven cows actually gave throughout the year an average of eighty-four gallons daily, or 30,660 gallons, or 122,640 quarts in one year, from forty-seven cows, or 2,610 quarts from one cow; and if ten quarts produce one pound of butter, that would be 216 pounds of butter yearly from each cow as the average from forty-seven cows in one year. Again, in the Farmers' Almanac for 1868, I find it stated that a Holderness cow gave twenty-nine quarts daily, yielding one pound of butter from each twelve quarts. An Ayrshire cow gave twenty quarts daily, yielding one pound of butter from nine and one-half quarts; an Alderney cow gave nineteen quarts, yielding one pound of butter from twelve quarts; and a Devon cow gave seventeen quarts, yielding one pound of butter from nine and three-fourths quarts. Of course these last are exceptional cases, but your own correspondent gave his actual experience of one year of a dairy of forty-seven cows. Now, I reckoned on 3,000 quarts, but I allowed twelve quarts to produce one pound of butter, which gave two hundred and fifty pounds in a year, instead of two hundred and sixty-one pounds.

MANAGEMENT OF DAIRY STOCK.

The farmer who puts up a lean, ill conditioned animal to fatten, very probably miscalculates the difficulty of the undertaking, and not until a large quantity of forage has been consumed will he find out his error. A few blunders of this kind will teach him that an animal must be prepared for fattening by a long course of good treatment, that, in fact, a solid foundation must be laid before the frame can be filled in, and the finishing touches put on.

The management of dairy stock bears a close affinity to that of animals put up for fattening; they should be in good condition before the process of wintering commences. A good pasture may sometimes be sufficient to keep up the condition of cows for four months, commencing with June, but it sometimes happens that the grasses become parched by protracted drouth, and unless succulent food is provided, the cows lose condition, and the flow of milk is diminished.

Every experienced dairy farmer knows the importance of having a supply of green food to fall back on whenever the pasture is damaged by drouth, and on this account the sowing of corn broadcast, or in narrow drills for green fodder, is coming into favor and is extens

The Ploughman.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAR. 5, 1870.

PREMIUMS.

To any person sending us two new subscribers with $5.00, cash in advance, we will forward one copy of **Worcester's Comprehensive Dictionary** New Edition, Revised, 612 pages, the publisher's price of which is $1.99.

To any person sending us seven new subscribers with $17.50, cash in advance, we will forward one copy of **Worcester's celebrated Royal Quarto Dictionary, Illustrated**, 1854 pages, the price of which is $10.00.

For Two New Subscribers.

To any one who will send us two new subscriber with five dollars, we will give any one of the following valuable books, which should be in the hands of every agriculturist.

New Book of Flowers, by Joseph Breck beautifully illustrated, the price of which is $1.75.

Milch Cows and Dairy Farming, by Chas. L. Flint, Secretary Mass. State Board of Agriculture, the retail price of which is $2.50.

Flint's Treatise on Grasses and Forage Plants. $2.50.

Garden Plants of America, and How to Cultivate them, by Fearing Burr, $2.50.

Cultivation of the Grape, by W. C. Strong, $2.50.

The above are all copiously illustrated and elegantly bound.

For seven subscribers and $17.50, sent by any ones person, we will give the four books.

For Three New Subscribers,

We will give any one of the following elegant volumes on Horticulture:

Flowers for the Parlor and Garden, elegantly illustrated, and beautifully printed on fine tinted paper, $4.00.

The Book of Roses, illustrated, containing full instructions how to cultivate—and list of all the principal varieties grown in this country, by Francis Parkman, $3.00.

Garden Flowers. A treatise on the culture of Hardy Ornamental Trees, Shrubs, Annuals, Herbaceous and Bedding Plants, by Edward Sprague Rand, Jr. with numerous illustrations, $3.00.

Bulbs—A Treatise on Hardy and Tender Bulbs and Tubers, by Edward Sprague Rand, Jr. Illustrated, $3.00.

These volumes are all illustrated, printed and bound in the best manner, and both ornamental and useful To a lady of taste, no present would be more acceptable. We will send the four to any one who will send ten subscribers, and $23.00.

Any person already a subscriber, who will send us *one* new subscriber with payment in advance, will receive as premium any one of the following publications for children, for one year.

The Youths' Companion.
The Nursery.
The Student and Schoolmate.
Merry's Museum.

For *two* new subscribers, with $3.00, each in advance we will send as premium for one year,

Our Boys and Girls.
The Riverside Magazine.
Our Young Folks.

WELCOME, SPRING!

It comes in with a white cap of snow, and a heavy one, on its head, and is really no guide at all for one who would go by the natural divisions of the year. The middle of April is early enough to open the spring on our calendar. But no matter; spring is here nominally, at any rate. We shall make haste to offer her a hail and a welcome. It is pleasant to think what changes will be wrought before her calendar rule is brought to a close. The frosts will all have disappeared. The crops will be in the ground. The orchards and gardens will be painted with blossoms and fragrant with their fresh incense. The grass will be green and succulent, and cattle will be out on the pastures. Birds will be singing in the branches, and the balmy airs will be alive with their melody. Is there not enough in such a picture to make spring worth a sincere word of welcome?

THE NEW ENGLAND AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY AND ITS PRESIDENT.

A communication in the *Country Gentleman*, slurring the New England Agricultural Society, and Dr. Geo. B. Loring, its distinguished President, has excited the serious surprise both of its own friends here and of the friends and supporters of the Society. The spirit of the article betrays another motive than that of a desire for co-operation in accomplishing the highest purposes of agriculture. We have never been made aware of any discourtesy of which the New England agricultural press has been guilty toward the New York State Society, and the inference is perfectly just and fair that the New England Society is entitled to a not less courteous consideration in return. The *Country Gentleman* charges the Society with being no better in any respect than any of the local organizations which so generously contribute to its strength and influence; and it permits itself to taunt the worthy and laborious President of the Society with being only a "talking farmer," because, in accepting a merited compliment from President Grant, he employed that modest phrase to convey a well bred compliment in return.

Neither the New England Society nor its President require any vindication on the very ground where their operations are best known. Their record has become a permanent one in the agricultural history of the times. What the Society has done for New England agriculture, and how the farming class personally estimate its services on their behalf, all persons well understand who pretend to any knowledge of what is passing in these six industrious States. No similar influence, it is universally conceded, ever made its power felt before among those who are recognized as the fundamental class in our social and industrial structure. The New England Society is to-day too great a power everywhere to be moved by the assaults of all its envious enemies, if any such it has. Its work is a great one. Its record is legible from the farthest limit of Maine to the western boundary of Connecticut. It has opened a new era. Its reforms are freely acknowledged and accepted. The original conception of its honored President, it has rapidly developed into its present influential proportions both by his superior executive energy and the instant and enthusiastic co-operation of the farmers themselves, and it stands to-day on too broad and enduring a base to be shaken. No similar Society before it ever carried the standard of progressive farming so far forward, and proudly maintained it there. And New England never was so thoroughly linked and bound together by the secret influence of any one organization.

Dr. Loring certainly needs no defence at the hands of any one who recognizes the great value and importance of the Society itself. To know him as a "talker" on agriculture is to have sufficient proof of his superior practical acquaintance with the subject he discusses with such force and facility. He has long owned and operated a farm near Salem, containing five hundred acres of land of every variety common to this section of the country. His fields in the season are dotted with the choicest herds of Ayrshires, milk being the commercial product of the farm, while his horses compare for beauty and value with those of any breeder in this latitude. His crops, of hay and roots in particular, are without rivals in his locality; while his ample barns and outbuildings are filled in winter with cattle and horses, hay and root feed, that show the skill and enterprise of the agriculturally devoted master. What is conclusive, he farms to a profit, and not to a loss. The theories he "talks," he has abundantly shown it possible to reduce to practice. He is a gentleman, a scholar, and a man of social culture and popularity, as well as a successful farmer. As an orator, his merits are very widely known and recognized,—his Address last fall before the American Institute, in New York, eliciting the highest encomiums from the press of the whole country. The real magnetism of his influence is that fundamentally democratic element of his character which draws plain and sincere men of all callings to him, and in the agricultural calling particularly. He is no more at home and familiar with Governors, Congressmen, Foreign Ministers, and other public characters, than with the honest, worthy farmers whom he is everywhere glad to take by the hand. The worth of such a man is intrinsic, and will outwear everything that is not. We venture the assertion that no man is to-day so deeply and universally beloved by the large agricultural community of New England.

We repeat, that it occasioned real surprise to read an article of the uncalled for, unfriendly, and positively disrespectful sort, such as was put forth by the *Country Gentleman*. What that journal is aiming at, it is not for us to inquire; but it may be assured that its expressions are calculated to do no harm whatever except to itself. If the noble cause of agriculture does not of itself tend to elevate the mind to a higher level than is occupied by mere squabblers for profit and place, then it has been hitherto shockingly misconceived. At any rate, the *Country Gentleman* has done discredit to itself, and not to the cause it professes to advocate and sustain, by consenting to the public use of language slurring the New England Society, for which it will live long enough to be thoroughly repentant and ashamed.

GAMBLING IN GOLD.

The testimony before the Banking and Currency Committee of Congress not only clears the President from every suspicion of having any knowledge of the gold gambling transactions of last September, but it fixes the guilt upon certain other persons with such clearness as to make open confession a matter of simple necessity. Gen. Butterfield testified that, while holding so important a public trust as that of Assistant Treasurer at New York, he was freely engaged in gambling in gold and bonds. His transactions amounted at a single time to between one and two millions. It is time such practices were visited with the sever est public condemnation, and withactual punishment where the offenders can be fairly reached.

CHILDREN'S PARTIES.

Some of our older and wiser physicians are entering their solemn protest to parents against the pernicious practice of allowing very young children — toddling boys and girls—to give entertainments, like their elders. It is in itself dissipating and destructive to their tender health, at a time when they require hard play and outdoor romping. This silly attempt to start the next generation where we ourselves leave off, is one of the proofs of our current social weakness and vanity. Besides being founded in ignorance of the simplest ordinances of nature, it is an offence against right custom, tested by time and experience, and deserves the most severe reprehension with which it is possible to visit it. If children are a source of gladness to the heart, why seek to break up all the charming associations of their characters by loading them with the irksome habits of people who are already many of them tired to death of the world.

FALLING PRICES.

The steady decline in gold brings us face to face with the prospect of a general and rapid fall in prices. Whenever the movement should come, it was understood that those who held heavy stocks, purchased at high cost, would feel the pinch seriously.—There could not be such a thing as contraction, without putting somebody in pain. But after it is once over all sides will feel better. Prices guaged by gold and silver will be as welcome as the metals themselves. We can then begin to live on what we earn, and know more precisely how much or little it is. Daylight has been a long while breaking, but it is here at last.

CONGRESSIONAL CORRUPTION.

The recent investigation by a Congressional Committee, as to the sale of cadetships in the naval academy, has brought to light several cases where members of Congress have disposed of the appointments for money. The evidence in the case of B. F. Whittemore, of North Carolina, was so strong that the committee reported a resolve for his expulsion. The matter was up before the House two or three times, the friends of the delinquent member making strong efforts to avert the well deserved punishment. On the last day of its consideration, when there was the strongest reason to believe that the vote for expulsion would pass by a large majority, the member resigned his seat. A vote was immediately passed unanimously censuring him and declaring him to be unworthy of a seat in the House. Further investigations have made out very strong cases against Mr. Deweese, of North Carolina, and Mr. Galladay, of Kentucky, and both of those members have sent in their resignations. The committee have other cases under investigation and it is believed that the thing is of frequent occurrence.

Funds for Soldiers' Asylums. A bill has been passed by Congress, which takes from the Treasury over $5,000,000 and gives the same to the Asylum for Disabled Soldiers. Under the Act of February, 1864, this institution has received $500,000 of the fund in the Treasury created by the above Act, which relieved all Quakers from military duty by their paying $300 to the Government. Of this fund there yet remains about $250,000, which goes directly to the institution. The bill just passed also gives the institution all the funds withheld at the various branch rendezvous from those soldiers who subsequently deserted or jumped the bounty, and who have never claimed their money on account of said desertion, etc. This fund was created pursuant to General Order No. 205, issued Dec. 27, 1864, and there yet remains of it in the Treasury $893,000. All this goes at once to the institution. The bill also orders that the institution shall receive all the funds now in the Treasury, which have been accumulated there under the Acts of March, 1865, and March, 1866. The 5th section of the last Act provides for the retention of the pay of all deserters and the pay of all soldiers unclaimed for three years. This fund, the Second Comptroller states, is over $4,000,000. Thus, it will be seen that this bill gives to the institution altogether, over $5,000,000, which its directors can invest in bonds, or in buildings, or in what they may see fit.

Cause of Mr. Burlingame's Death. A dispatch from St. Petersburg says the cause of Mr. Burlingame's death was a severe cold, upon which a congestive chill supervened, causing death in a few days. The body was taken charge of by Mr. Curtin, the American Minister, and the members of the Chinese Mission, who will see to the embalming of the remains. The body haslain in state at the American Legation for the proper time, and will be sent to the United States in charge of representatives of the United States and China.

The negotiations with the Czar, it is said, will be continued by the Chinese Embassy, and when completed the diplomatists will return to China.

U. S. Ship Lost. A despatch from Minister Motley, received at the State Department Monday morning, announces the loss of U. S. steamer Oneida and one hundred and twenty men, by collision with the British mail steamer Bombay, fifteen miles from Yokohama. The latter was not much injured. The Bombay was due at Yokohama, January 24th. The Oneida was third rate, carrying eight guns. The following were the officers: Commander Edward P. Williams, Lieut.-Commander William T. Stewart, Surgeon James Goddard, Asst. Surgeon Edward Frothingham, Passed Asst. Paymaster Thomas L. Tallock, Jr., Masters Walter Sargent, John R. Pheland, Isaac J. Yates and Charles B. Arnold, 1st Engineer in charge N. B. Littig, 1st Asst. Engineer, Haviland Barstow, 2d Asst. Engineers, John Forrance and Charles C. Lenter, Ensign J. A. Cowle; Carpenter, J. D. Prince; Captain's Clerk, Wm. W. Crowninshield; Paymaster's Clerk, Wm. C. Thomas.

A telegram from San Francisco states that the loss occurred on the 23d of January, about two hours out of port, at 7 o'clock in the evening. The officers and men numbered 176, of whom only 56 were saved.

FIRES.

A fire at Galveston on the 23d, destroyed a block on the north side of Strand between Fremont and Twenty-second streets, and the opposite block on the south side of Strand. Many of the houses were of little value, but were filled with large stocks of goods. The loss is estimated at $1,000,000.

The shoddy mill owned by S. W. Gledhill, which recently begun operations in Chester, Conn., was totally destroyed by fire on Friday the 25th. Loss heavy; about half covered by insurance. Chauncey B. Knox's barn in Manchester, with its contents, was burned late Saturday afternoon. Loss $3000; insured for $350.

The Illinois Female College at Jacksonville was burned Monday morning. A large wing of the structure was saved uninjured, and the furniture was all saved, though in a damaged condition. There were about 150 young lady pupils, all of whom escaped uninjured, and saved their wearing apparel and books. The building was owned by the Illinois Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Loss $40,000; insured for $35,000, of which $10,000 is in the Active, of Hartford, Ct., the only Eastern company.

A fire Monday night at 59 and 61 Maiden Lane, New York, destroyed the building which was owned by the Ward estate, and occupied by Henry Fleshman, N. J. Zines & Co., and Henry Bissell. Loss $100,000; insurance unknown.

In Vicksburg, Hunt's building was damaged to the amonut of $20,000 by fire Monday morning; and Schoff Brothers, dry goods, to the amount of $2000. Herman & Moss lost their entire stock; insured for $25,000.

The Franking Privilege. The Postmaster-General has transmitted to the Senate returns from 454 principal post offices, showing the amount of free mail matter handled during January, as follows:—The number of free letters were 666,704, the postage thereon at regular rates would be $117,399 73; the weight of free printed matter sent 346,194 pounds, and the postage thereon at the regular rates would be $42,334 36. The total cost of free matter from 454 post offices would be $159,734 09. The Postmaster-General says, considering this exhibit a safe estimate, if full returns had been received from all the offices for January, the aggregate amount would have exceeded $200,000, or at a rate of $2,400,000 per annum. He says it is impossible to detect much of the fraud and abuse accomplished under the franking system, as the law will not allow the breaking of the seals of franked matter to determine their contents; but the small proportion returned to the dead letter office shows many cases of abuse. Books, papers and circulars not printed by the order of Congress and other matter were transmitted free in the mails. Mr. Cresswell says the agitation for the repeal of the franking privilege produced a great increase in the sale of stamps, the receipts for this service for January, 1870, being $311,322 50 greater than for January 1869.

The City Park Question.—The Committee of the Legislature have given another hearing on the subject of a public park for Boston. The point at issue seems not so much whether the power shall be given to take land for a park, as where the control of it should be placed. The city desires to have it under her own control, as it has other matters relating to city affairs. Several gentlemen advocate the plan of appointing a State commission to manage the whole thing, and inasmuch as the people of Boston are not alone to enjoy the benefit of it, it should be made a State affair, and a proportion of the expense be assessed on other cities and towns who may now or in the future be benefitted by it. Several witnesses have been examined as to the necessity of something of the kind for sanitary reasons, and as an important ornament and appendage of a large city.

Salt Fields. Salt fields as rich in brine as those recently discovered in Goderich, Canada, have been discovered in Sanilac County, Michigan. The lands comprise about 300 acres, and lie about six miles inland from Lexington, the county seat of Sanilac, and, in describing them, Prof. Winchell says: "This district is underlaid by the Marshall sandstone, and a black bituminous slate, which burns freely, but is not to be taken as an indication of coal. These formations are the same as yield petroleum in Canada West. At the depth of 1,000 or 1,200 feet is a copious salt formation—the Salina salt basin—which would afford a supply of brine on your land. This is the source of the brine at Syracuse, N. Y., and at Port Austin, St. Clair, and Mt. Clements, Mich., and Goderich, Canada, directly across the lake from your locality."

Important Case Settled—In the matter of the Portland, Saco and Portsmouth Railroad, the Supreme Court of Maine has made a decision lately which is of the greatest interest to the stockholders. The lease of that road to the Eastern and Boston and Maine roads provided that six dollars on a share, in coin, should be paid for the use of it. The controversy between the lessors and the lessees as to payment in coin currency was settled sometime ago, by the payment of $180,000, and then a question was made whether that amount should be divided among the stockholders for the time being, or be paid to those who held the shares at the time the rent or dividend accrued. The Court decides that it shall all go to the stockholders who held shares at the time the dividend is made, so that the present holders will be entitled to about twelve per cent. extra dividend.

Rev. Mr. Hepworth.—Last Sunday Rev. George H. Hepworth being on a visit to this city, preached in the church of the Unity, of which he was formerly pastor, and was welcomed, as might have been expected, by our overflowing congregation. He preached at the Boston Theatre in the evening, where also he was greeted by an immense audience. Mr. Hepworth inaugurated the series of preaching in this theatre, and preached at this time the closing discourse of the fourth series. His audiences were never more gratified with his preaching, and his friends are proud of the honors he has received in New York.

The Fifteenth Amendment. The ratification of Nebraska settles the question of the adoption of the Fifteenth Amendment to the constitution. As soon as the official information reaches the President he will issue a proclamation of the fact. The amendment is as follows.

Art. XV. § 1. The right of citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States, or by any State, on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude.

§ 2. Congress shall have power to enforce this article by appropriate legislation.

Cruelty to Animals. We learn from "*Our Dumb Animals*," that the annual meeting of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, will be held at Horticultural Hall, Boston, on the evening of Tuesday, March 29th. It is to be hoped that all friends of the cause will be present and show their interest in it.

☞ Curtis & Cobb, 348 Washington St., have issued their annual catalogue and descriptive priced list of everything in the line of Flower, Vegetable and Agricultural seeds, a complete *Flower and Kitchen Directory*, fully illustrated. The price is 25 cents. See advertisement in another column.

The Debt Statement. The March statement of the condition of the debt shows a reduction in February of $6,484,811.75. The whole decrease since March 1st, 1869, is $87,134,782.84.

FLORIDA.

LETTER NO. II.

Palatki, Florida, Feb. 27th, 1870.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

This is a pleasant little town on the St. John's river about seventy miles from Jacksonville. As nearly as I can ascertain, it has a population of about four hundred. People residing in all this southern country are either wilfully or necessarily very ignorant with regard to population. Every one gives a different estimate and in many cases the estimates so widely differ that one is almost inclined to laugh in the face of the person giving the answer. For instance—before reaching Atlanta, Georgia, I inquired of a superintendent of a railroad how large a population there was in Atlanta—he replied about twenty thousand. This somewhat surprised me—but not so much as the answer I received from the next gentleman of whom I made the inquiry—his answer was thirty-five thousand. Being more unsettled in my mind than when I first enquired of the railroad superintendent, I repeated the enquiry to a fine looking southerner who was formerly a probate Judge—his answer was fifty thousand. I made no further enquiry until one day at the National Hotel in Atlanta, I asked the negro waiter how many people there were in the town. His reply was—Oh, a heap of them—a million, sir. From this time forth I placed no confidence in answers to such questions; concluding that my own estimates were as good as other peoples queerings. Yesterday, I visited Charles Stowe's place at Mandarin. It is reached by boat and is about one hour's sail from Jacksonville. It is an insignificant village of three Florida houses, on the bank of the river. A Florida house is a poor thing and almost any man with a saw, an axe and a few boards could improvise one in a short space of time. Mrs. Stowe, her husband and two daughters were at home —Mrs. Stowe and the daughters being at the landing. She has a pleasant orange grove of several acres; most of her fruit has been gathered.

This whole country is a vast plain of sand, mostly covered with heavy pine timber. To a New Englander, the soil looks valueless. How such vast plains of sand can be productive it is difficult to understand. Yet, these lands have produced these immense timber trees which will cut from four hundred to two thousand feet of lumber, and the universal testimony is, that these lands will produce sweet potatoes, cotton, sugar cane, oranges and lemons, and many other valuable products in great abundance, and with little labor. Col. Preston, a New York gentleman, who has a residence opposite Jacksonville, and has spent his last four winters in his Florida home, told me that he had raised one hundred and eighty bushels of sweet potatoes to the acre from his sandy land, without the use of any fertilizer—and these potatoes keep as well here as the Irish potatoes do north, and are now worth one dollar per bushel. Similar statements were made with regard to the production of cotton, sugar cane and peanuts. Mr. Robinson, formerly of Windsor, Vermont, but who has resided some ten years at Jacksonville, in order to illustrate great rapidity with which vegetation grew in that locality, told me that in June of one year he planted a peach stone, and in one year from the next August he gathered peaches from the tree which grew from that stone. It must be remembered, that vegetation in this climate grows some ten months in the year.

The climate is healthy so far as I can learn —not only in the winter but in the summer —and the summer nights are never so warm but that they are comfortable.

Lands on the river are dearer than elsewhere—and lands on the east bank of the river are less liable to frost than on the west bank. The cost of Florida lands is a matter of general interest to all people who think of locating in this section.

So far as I can judge, lands can be bought any where from one dollar and twenty-five cents to forty dollars per acre. Lands that are cleared and improved and well located on the banks of the St. John's bring a good price. But equally good lands with the timber standing can be purchased on the banks of the river for a merely nominal price. The lands are all about the same thing so far as I can judge. Of course the location has something to do with the value—and were I to locate, I should locate by all means on the river—and should at once set out an orange grove. An orange orchard worth many thousands of dollars, can be produced in ten years from the starting. The wild orange trees cost from ten to fifteen cents each and after budding a good bearing tree can be secured in five or six years. From the seed the good bearing tree is produced in ten years. The oranges of Florida will always command the highest market price, as they are far superior to any orange which finds its way to an American market.

More Anon.

Terrible Railroad Accident. — On Friday, the 25th ult., a terrible accident occurred on the Mississippi Central railroad, near Oxford, Miss. In crossing over a trestle bridge about forty feet high, the engine of a passenger train passed safely over, but owing to the displacement of a rail the passenger cars were thrown from the track, and crushed through the trestle which was very unsound, and plunged into the ravine below. Two cars were entirely destroyed, and over twenty persons were killed outright, and a great many were injured.

Our Population. The *Tribune* says: The present population of the United States has been variously guessed at from 40,000,000 to 45,000,000, and more sanguine patriots talk of 50,000,000 now and 200,000,000 within a generation or two. A carefully prepared estimate gives 40,000,000 as the probable population on June 1, 1870, when the ninth census is to be taken. This is an increase of over 9,000,000; certainly very creditable under the circumstances of a decade of war and political dissensions.

Fire and Sad Loss of Life in Dorchester.—Ward xvi. A little before ten o'clock Wednesday forenoon a building, used by Mr. McBride for drying and repairing cotton, known as "The Old Wind Mill," and situated on Adams, near Codman street, opposite the entrance to the new cemetery, was discovered to be on fire. The Department was promptly on hand, considering the imperfect methods for giving alarms and the rough state of the roads, and succeeded probably, in saving the brick building containing the boilers, etc. The main structure in which was stored a large quantity of cotton, in total loss. Several women were employed on the premises, of whom six were burned to death, the rapidity of the flames and the excessive heat having probably overcome them at once.—*Transcript.*

The English Sparrows.—The mild winter has proved very favorable for these birds in this city. The twenty-seven pairs let loose here in the summer of 1868, and which were supposed to have perished, have since increased, and Mr. Galvin now estimates their number in Boston to be not less than a hundred and fifty. The thatched roofs of the deer park, the shelter of the big elm, and the cornices of the Public Library have been their favorite places of shelter. They are regularly fed and furnished by the guardians of the Common with water. They are all in fine condition, and are already beginning their nesting. Two pairs, at least, have already constructed nests over the lower windows of the Public Library. It is proposed to adopt the small wooden boxes used in the parks of New York and Newark, and which the sparrows, being birds of simple taste, prefer to more ornate and pretentious structures. There seems now to be no good reason why we may not expect a very large accession to our flock of sparrows the coming season. When our people are familiarized to them, and our children learn to feed and cultivate their acquaintance, they will be as tame and as attractive as they now are in Madison and minor squares in New York.—*Transcript.*

—They have been experiencing extremely cold weather in North Germany.

READ AND RUN.

—The "English Blonde" trompe has been assaulting the editor of the *Times*, in Chicago. They were fined, and now are on bail on a charge of rioting.

—The wife of the American minister to France is reported the superior diplomatist.

—The velocipede mania has so much abated, that it is found difficult to work off the old stocks of vehicles on hand.

—George Sand is suffering from a severe cold.

—Bismark has been getting burned by stock speculations, and has to economize in order to make the ends meet.

—Detroit now has a society for the prevention of cruelty to animals.

—The Emperor Don Pedro, of Brazil, graciously consents to turn out with his carriage in the streets of Rio for the horse railroad car.

—The beer brewers of Milwaukee have dropped off two dollars and a half on each keg of their beer.

—Baltimore expressly forbids performances on the flying trapeze, on account of bloody accidents.

—There is no prospect of inflating the currency by fifty millions.

—No American man-of-war is stationed at Havanna, and British naval vessels escort our ships out to sea.

—George Hogarth, long connected with the London newspaper press, has just deceased at the respectable age of eighty-six.

—A venerable and vigorous physician of Maine lately went seven miles in an open boat to visit a patient.

—A young Irish woman in New York tried to steal away the baby of another one.

—Lopez is where the Brazilian forces can't seem to get at him.

—Venezuela has a rebellious eruption, which is all the fashion just now in tropical countries.

—Mississippi has passed from military to civil hands.

—Congress is discussing, by a committee, the feasibility of a postal telegraph.

—The Alaska seal fisheries are to be sold to private companies.

—The Japanese are cruelly persecuting those natives who were converted to Christianity. All the representatives of foreign powers have vigorously protested.

—New Hampshire is to elect a Bishop, to fill a vacancy by death, early in May.

—In Spain the struggle is between the Church and Revolutionary parties.

—The skating rink in this city has been a scene of great liveliness during the past week, and some fanciful skating has been done there in the presence of admiring crowds.

—Rev. Mr. Hepworth returned to Boston and preached in his old church, last Sunday; also at the Boston Theatre in the evening.

—The widely-known shipbuilder, Donald McKay, has been compelled to go into a liquidation of his business affairs.

—The venerable Boston merchant, Samuel May, died within the last week at the ripe age of ninety-four.

—Brigham Young now shrewdly thinks to use the votes of the enfranchised women of Utah for his own purposes.

—England proposes the disposal of cereals by weight instead of measure.

—"Frou-Frou" has got into the Boston Theatres, where it creates a decided rustling.

—The imports are pouring into New York as fast as they ought to.

—The relapsing fever is fading out in ever sailing Gotham.

—Missouri is ready to wipe out all traces of disfranchisement for participation in the rebellion.

—The American Magazines are combinedly making a brilliant show in the matter of fresh literature. They are fairly rivalling the English.

—Winter had the grace to lay a tufted pillow of snow under its head as it laid down to die.

—Prince of Wales has been publicly hissed for his questionable conduct in the case of Lady Mordaunt.

—The Senate Postal Committee have been memorialized by some of our most practical men to reduce the rates for letters to two cents, and other things in proportion.

—Farming in New England is not such a played out affair, by the way men of means are interesting themselves in it. The system may be changing for a better one, but the interest is as permanent as our everlasting hills.

—Secretary Seward was entertained at a banquet given at the Astor House on Thursday evening, by the New York city government.

—The Spanish Winter campaign in Cuba is a conceded disappointment.

—Quesada, the former commandant of the Cubans, is in the country, and brings good tidings from the revolutionists. He says they will conquer waether helped or not.

—The Boston Post Office is to be constructed of granite rather than marble, and the roof can be got on by the end of the current year.

—Gold and currency are coming together in value very fast. Last week the Government securities run up above par, for the first time since before the war.

—There is talk in the Maine Legislature of removing the capital from Augusta to Bangor.

—The Asylum for disabled soldiers received five million dollars from the Treasury, by a recent vote of Congress.

—Admiral Porter, who has given the British war steamer Monarch the most careful inspection pronounces it the biggest marine institution afloat.

—Mr. John Gage, of Nashua, N. H., died in that place last week at the age of ninety-six.

—The carnival has been proceeding peaceably in Rome.

—Oxford and Cambridge are preparing for their annual races.

—Napoleon declares himself in perfect accord with his ministry.

—The army contingent of France is to be reduced.

—The City of Boston Steamship, of the Inman line, is an object of profound anxiety at the time we write these lines.

—The Pall Mall (London) Gazette remarks that General Washington was a man of very narrow views. True; but didn't he narrow them down to one rather effective point?

—The sale of cadetships has of late been giving several members of Congress serious concern. Those who are at least resigned to it, themselves resign.

—Poor old Santa Ana has been sent away from Cuba on board a Spanish vessel of war, to Nassau. The Spanish authorities didn't know what might happen, or if he might not catch a fall and break his wooden leg.

—Railroad accidents are called "great" nowa-days. None of your common doings.

—Galveston is a great sufferer by fires. One there destroyed a million of dollars worth of merchandize the other evening.

—California acts any way but frankly with Chinese immigrants.

—The last of the Southern Emigrant parties is Central and South America has just returned from Brazil, a disappointed but wiser company.

—John Bright's health is exceedingly precarious and is the subject of profound solicitude in England.

—The Chinese Embassy will conclude its negotiations with Russia, and then return direct to China.

—Some girls think they can't marry unless they can live in a brown stone house to start off with.

—Dickens writes that every baby born into the world is a finer one than the last.

—Winter sat down with her robe on, in the lap of Spring.

—A. T. Stewart has purchased the Long Island Railroad which makes him a "railroad king."

—Fechter's "Hamlet" has created a profound sensation among theatre goers in this city.

—Longevity attracts its share of attention in the newspapers at the present time.

—The Supreme Court of the United States has affirmed the validity of the Indiana divorce laws.

—A bran new charter has been all drawn up for New York, which sadly needs something.

—Gold exchanges are shortly to go out of fashion and gold rings will become extinct.

—The Mormons have latterly been trying to proselyte on Long Island, but the people have risen up in a body and compelled them to "clear the coop."

—These young children's parties are pronounced extremely unreasonable things, and denounced by physicians accordingly.

—Max Maretzek, the well known operatic impressario, left New York suddenly for Europe, leaving his company unpaid, besides other debts.

"Jerseys" for Sale. A rare opportunity to purchase full-blood Jersey Stock at the well known farm of Albert D. Wheeler, East Providence, R. I., is presented in our advertising columns.

☞ The Baptist Church in Weymouth is to have a chime of nine bells weighing 6000 lbs, the largest to weigh 1400 lbs.

☞ There are 251 lodges of "Good Templars" in Massachusetts, comprising over 20,000 members, 939 were expelled last year.

☞ A new French invention is a portable fresh butter churn, to be used at each meal. It is made of crystal and mounted on silver feet. A silver rod revolves quickly in the cream and presents a pat of butter every three minutes.

Latest Foreign News.

BY TELEGRAPH.

London, Feb. 24.—The Emperor and Empress of Russia have sent a letter of sondolence to the widow of the deceased Minister Burlingame.

The Times has an editorial article on the scene in the court room yesterday at the trial of the Lady Mordaunt divorce case. It says:—"The error of the Prince of Wales is due to the carelessness of his reputation, and heedlessness in the matter of personal intimacies which are forbidden to royalty. Prince Albert's example was faultless, and the Prince of Wales will learn from it, and exemplify a life free even from semblance of levity."

The Times also has an editorial on the subject of the recent decision by the Supreme Court of the United States in the matter of legal tenders asserting that the decision has restored English confidence in American justice.

The condition of Mr. Bright's health creates deep anxiety.

Mr. Gladstone's Land Reform Bill is not well received in Ireland, and its unpopularity is increasing.

Florence, Feb. 24.—Commander Covel has been appointed to succeed M. Corruti as Minister of Italy at Washington.

London, Feb. 25.—The Mordaunt divorce case was concluded to-day. The jury rendered a verdict that Lady Mordaunt was insane, and not responsible for her words and acts.

In a Convention of the English Chambers of Commerce, resolve was adopted in favor of the sale of cereals by weight.

Paris, Feb. 25.—The celebrations yesterday of the anniversary of the proclamation of the French Republic in 1848, were very orderly. The police did not disturb the meetings anywhere.

Letters from Spain state that a fierce struggle is going on between the revolutionary and church parties.

London, Feb. 26.—The Manchester Examiner says: "The Prince of Wales, for the first time, has received tokens of public disapprobation. He was hissed on Monday night at the London Globe Theatre whilst the Princess was enthusiastically cheered.

Liverpool, Feb. 26.—The agents of the steamship City of Boston have sent the steamship City of Durham to cruise off the Madeira Islands, in hopes that something may be learned of the missing steamer. Capt Jenkins, o the steamship Scotia, thinks the City of Boston is off the coast of Ireland encountering the head winds which are now prevailing. The opinion of all old sailors is that she is disabled and is making for port under sail.

Paris, Feb. 26.—It is said that the Emperor is dissatisfied with his Cabinet on account of its inability to reconcile the oppo-ite parties in the Corps Legislatif, and its tendency to extreme measures not sanctioned by the majority, as instanced in the recent prosecution of supporting official candidates for the Chamber.

Paris, Feb. 27.—The Emperor declares that officially and personally perfect harmony exists between himself and the present Ministry. He believes they have the sympathy of every honest Frenchman.

The journals which support the Deputies of the Right have commenced an attack on the Ollivier Ministry. They declares that it was wrong to join in the attack on Ollivier, and protests against his measures as contrary to its principles.

London, Feb. 28.—In the House of Commons, to-day, Mr. Gladstone promised the early introduction of practical measures for education in Ireland and Scotland, and informed the House that the reciprocity treaty with Austria would soon come before it.

The submarine cable from Bombay, India, to Aden, at the mouth of the Red sea, has been successfully laid by the Anglo-Mediterranean Eastern. This line places England and her Indian colonies in direct telegraphic communication. Messages from Bombay of to-day's date, have been received to-day.

A Point de Galle despatch says it is not stated that any of the officers or crew of the Oneida were saved. It is supposed that all on board were lost.

Dublin, Feb. 28.—The destruction of property by the supporters of Mr. Osborne for Parliament was renewed with violence at Waterford on Saturday. The mob were greatly excited and very violent. The people's interest had appealed to the police authorities for better protection.

St. Petersburg, Feb. 28.—The funeral of Hon. Anson Burlingame, Envoy Extraordinary from the Chinese Empire, took place on Saturday. The English, French and American Ambassadors acted as pall-bearers. The remains will be sent to America.

Marine Items.

WHALERS.

A letter from Capt Slocum, of barque Robert Morrison, of N B, reports last of Maltz, Jan 18, having taken 50 bbls sp oil since last July — 80 bbls sp, 130 bbls wh oil all told.

A letter from Capt Swift, of barque Elizabeth, of Westport, reports her at Mahe, Jan 17, with 875 bbls sp oil, all told. Reports at do barque Laconia, Lurc, N B, 250 sp. Reports on coast of Arabia, Delta, 1000 sp. Spoken, Jan 15, N B, 80 sp this season; brig Para, Worth, Salem, 120 do; Dec 25, off Pemba, brig Falcon, Richmond, Salem, 300 sp. Sld from Mahe, Jan 14, barque Greyhound, Allen, Newport, to cruise.

FISHERMEN.

Ar at Salem, 26th, schr Nellie May, McLean, Georges Bank.

Ar at New London, 26th, schr Charles F Beebe, Maynard, Georges Bank, with 50 halibut. Left two anchors and 100 fathoms cable. No intelligence has been received from the boat and two men lo-t from schr T S Rogers, of Greenport, two weeks ago, and they are thought to have been drowned.

Also, ar 26th, schr W Dickinson, Rogers, Georges Bank, with 130 halibut, for New York.

Sld from do, 25th, schr J T D Strickland, for Georges Bank.

BEEF CATTLE.

PER HUNDRED POUNDS THE TOTAL WEIGHT OF HIDES, TALLOW AND DRESSED BEEF.

PRICES.

A few premium bullocks	14 @ 15
Extra, good cattle, steers, &c	13 @ 13½
First quality, good oxen, best steers, &c	12½@12¾
Second quality, or good fair beef	11½@12
Third quality, lighter oxen, &c	10 @11
Poorest grade of coarse cows, bulls, &c	7½@ 9½
Brighton Hides—8@8½ ₩ lb.	
Brighton Tallow 7½@7½ ₩ lb.	
Country Hides 7½@8.	
Country Tallow—6@7 ₩ lb.	
Calf Skins—8 . . @ . . ₩ lb.	
Lamb Skins—1 50@1 75 each.	
Sheep Skins—1 25@1 75 each.	
Pelt Skins—10@15 ₩ lb.	

When cattle are weighed or estimated alive, the dead weight is reckoned at a certain number of lbs to the hundred lbs of live weight as may be agreed upon, varying according to the quality of the Beeves from 25 to 40 lbs to the hundred.

The supply of cattle in market this week was not so large as that of last. The trade has been quicker and upon the best grades of beef prices obtained were a trifle higher, but upon common grades we do not think there was much of any change. There was a better feeling and butchers took hold with more life and energy than they do when prices are low. There were some few lots of very nice western cattle and some from the western part of the State which sold at 13 to 14c ₩ lb dressed weight but there were not many that would bring the Maine or Boston man of an extra quality. One lot of 17 sold at 14c ₩ lb dressed weight. The supply of working oxen was not large, but enough for the demand, and there were a few extra pairs which selling at $270 to $350 per pair. From the north the supply was not large, but there were several very nice cattle among them. The trade was good and most of the cattle were sold at Cambridge on Tuesday.

SALES AT BRIGHTON.

Brown & Rackliffe sold 8 to Jordan, at 11½@12½ lb dressed weight; 2 cows at $160.

Libb & Thompson sold 8 small cattle at 8½c ₩

New Advertisements.

Get the Best Fertilizer Known.

PURE FLOUR OF BONE, warranted pure and unadulterated. Office, 43 Broad Street, Boston.
Send for Circular. mch5-4t

A Pair of Mules for Sale,

YOUNG, kind and sound, weigh about sixteen hundred, used to all kinds of work. Also, JERSEY HEIFERS, and a pair of JERSEY BULLS, broken to the yoke, for sale. Apply to J. A. FITCH, Hopkinton, Mass. mch5-4t

Grass Seeds.

2000 SACKS NEW CROP RED TOP SEED, 300 Sacks ORCHARD GRASS.
For sale at the Seed Store of C. B. ROGERS,
mch5-3t No. 138 Market Street, Philadelphia.

Farmers and Mechanics,

MAKE your own Writing, Indelible and Sympathetic INKS. The best out. Send 20 cents for receipts. Receipts for the best Hair Dye, 10 cents.
B. W. WILSON,
mch5-1t* Box 263, Millbury, Mass.

A German Silver Key Check,

WITH your name stamped on it, sent free by mail, on receipt of 25 cents. Address
mch5-1t* C. THOMAS, Newbury, Vt.

A Very Superior HERD OF JERSEYS.

TO be sold at auction in **Providence, R. I.** on **TUESDAY**, the 29th day of March current, at 12½ o'clock, P. M. The subscriber will offer for sale, at his Farm, in East Providence, his entire stock of Jerseys under 5 years of age, comprising the following animals, viz:

4 COWS, four years old.
5 COWS three years old
5 HEIFERS, two years old in milk.
4 HEIFERS, one year old.
8 HEIFER CALVES, about 6 months old.
1 BULL, two years old.
1 BULL, one year old.
2 BULL CALVES, about six months old.

These animals are all in fine condition and have been bred with great care. They are not only thorough bred, but are almost without exception, superior specimens of the breed.

The Cows and Heifers are all with Calf by imported Bull, Comet.

It will be recollected that a calf sired by this Bull, (Comet Jr.) was pronounced the most perfect Bull of his blood in the country, at the Fair of the New England Agricultural Society in 1867. He was at that time sold to the Long Island Breeder, Mr. William Crozier, for $1000. It is not too much to say that a herd of Jerseys so desirable as this, has never before been offered at public sale in New England. Catalogues will be forwarded upon request.

Passengers by the morning trains on the day of sale will find carriages at the Depot in Providence to convey them to the Farm.
ALBERT D. WHEELER,
Providence, Mar. 1, 1870. mar5-4t*

HOME SAVINGS BANK,

NEW MASONIC TEMPLE,
(FIRST FLOOR.)
Corner Tremont and Boylston Streets, Boston.
President, HENRY SMITH.

Vice Presidents.

MARSHALL P. WILDER, J. I. BENSON, CASS JEROMIN, Sec. & Actuary. ARTHUR BENT
GEORGE O. CARPENTER, BENJAMIN F. STEVENS, EDMUND P. TILESTON, Treas. E. O. ROCKWOOD.

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Daniel B. Stedman, Lyman Hollingsworth, Samuel Atherton, Joseph P. Ellicott, Lee Baldwin, James Scott, William Atherton, Christopher A. Connor, Henry L. Pierce, D. F. Poland, William F. Hunt, Newell A. Thompson,
Edward D. Peters, Horrace H. White, R. B. Conant, Joseph Smith, George E. Hersey, William E. Coffin, Isaac Fenno, Peter Butler, Charles B. Train, George L. Ames, Emil Heidenreich M. Wesolowski.

Deposits received in this Institution daily from 9 A. M., to 1 P. M., and from 3 to 5 P. M.; and on Wednesday and Saturday evenings, from 6 to 8. Drafts paid daily from 10 to 1.

Interest on Deposits commences monthly, instead of quarterly as in other Savings Banks. A dividend at the rate of six per cent per annum, is guaranteed, to be paid in October and April, upon all sums of three dollars or more which shall have been deposited at least three months next preceding the day on which a dividend shall be declared. All dividends as soon as declared are added to the principal of the depositor, and receives interest like an original deposit. mch5-1f

Clarke's New Method FOR REED ORGANS.

MANY First Class Teachers of music have hitherto refrained from giving lessons upon the Cabinet and other Reed organs, for want of a thorough method of instruction. The desideratum is now attained by the publication of this highly successful and popular book. In connection with its attractive studies it is interspersed with the finest selections ever brought together in one book, thus greatly aiding in forming a correct musical taste.

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Price $2 50. Sent post paid on receipt of price. O. DITSON & CO., Boston, C. H. DITSON & CO., New York. mch5

Wanted,

A FOREMAN on a small farm in the vicinity of Boston; he must understand hay, roots, and vegetables for the family. Apply to Dr. LODGE, 1277 Washington St., Boston. mch5-1f

Prairie Weed Balsam,

DISCOVERED through the instinct of, the Horse, by which he cures himself the most remarkable cures ever known. Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, and all Consumption distinctive yield to its power. Blood spitting, laborious breathing, night sweats, and Chronic Diarrhea disappear after a short use of this remedy, and returning health and strength are the results. It is entirely vegetable, free from all injurious drugs, and may be taken at all times with perfect safety. George C. Goodwin & Co., 38 Hanover street, Wholesale Agents. For sale by Druggists generally. Price $1 per bottle. AUSTIN BIGGS, & STEERE, Proprietors, 42 and 36 Federal st., Boston. mch5-13tp

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The Poet's Corner.

THE DISENTHRALLED.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

He had bowed down to drunkenness;
An abject worshipper;
The pulse of manhood's pride had gone,
Too faint and cold to stir;
And he had given his spirit up
Unto the humblest thrall;
And, bowing to the poisoned cup,
He gloried in his fall.

There came a change—the cloud rolled off,
And light fell on his brain—
And, like the passing of a dream,
That cometh not again.
The shadow of his spirit fled;
He saw the gulf before—
He shuddered at the waste behind,
And was a man once more.

He shook the serpent's folds away,
That gathered round his heart,
As shakes the sturdy forest oak
Its poison vine apart;
He stood erect—returning pride
Grew terribly within,
And conscience sat in judgment on
His most familiar sin.

The light of intellect again
Along his pathway shone,
And reason, like a monarch, stood
Upon its golden throne;
The honored and the wise once more
Within his presence came—
And lingered oft on lovely lips
His once forbidden name.

There may be glory in the might
That treadeth nations down—
Wreaths for the crimson warrior,
Pride for the kingly crown;
But glorious is that triumph hour
The disenthralled shall find
When evil passion boweth down
Unto the God-like mind.

Ladies' Department.

Lost and Found in the Snow.

High up, below the summit of the Brocken, chief of the Harz mountains, is a flat moorland, the Brockenfeld, wild, dreary, far from men. The nearest town belongs to the miners of Andreasberg, three hours distant, and the weather is not often friendly to much intercourse. The air of the Brockenfeld is nearly always cold, the trees are stunted and overgrown with a long gray lichen, which apparently protects them from the wintry blasts, and looks like the beard of an old man. No flowery fields are here; no corn, not even potatoes will thrive in this dreary home of cold weather, starved and deformed trees, long damp moss, reeds and sedges.

Only a rare wanderer passes this way, or an emigrant trading in canary birds, which are largely bred among the miners, and brought down to Harzburg, thence to be dispatched over Europe in tiny wicker cages we often see them sold in. Or perchance in the summer visitors from Harzburg, who are using the saline baths there, or consumptive patients from the fir needle cure of Andreasberg, will drive to the Brockenfeld to see the famous Rehberger Graben. Such visitors put up and dine at the forester's house, the only habitation on this district.

It was occupied some years ago by Paul Smitt, whose post was a tolerably lucrative one, the Hanoverian Government having made some amends in payment for the lone position. But even the good pay tempted few to accept the situation.

When it was offered to Paul he accepted it eagerly. It was the very spot for him. He was a tall, sturdy, fine looking man, his handsome face bronzed with long exposure to the wind and weather; only when he lifted his sugar loaf shaped green huntsman's hat was there a bit of fine skin visible along the top of his forehead. His quiet, blue eyes lay deep in his forehead, shaded by somewhat overhanging brows, which gave a strong appearance to his face. He had always been grave; as a boy he had not mixed in the sports of his companions, but kept aloof and apart from them to study his forester craft. He loved his profession for its own sake, but there had been a time when he loved it also for the sake of another, hoping by steady work sooner to bring about the doubling of his happiness. He had served his apprenticeship under a lowland forester, who encouraged and loved the studious youth, and did not see with any dissatisfaction, that he worked harder, after the forester's pretty daughter, Beatrice, came from her city boarding school. Old Emil Bergen was glad to see that a young man he liked so much might become his son-in-law, and relieve him of all funded care for his own and fourteen children. He therefore brought the young people as much together as he could, and once when a ticklish matter had to be reported down in the town, instead of going himself he sent Paul, thus putting himself in the way for promotion.

It was then, before he left for the town, that Paul spoke his mind to Beatrice. He had been working in the wood all the afternoon looking after the welfare of a young spruce nursery, when she passed him with a bunch of wood camellias in her hand.

"Oh, Paul," she said, seeing him, "look how many of these I have found. They are my favorite flowers, I love their simplicity; they thrive in out-of-the-way places; they are not ambitious," she added with a smile. "Not like you, Paul."

"Do you dislike my ambition?"

"Oh, no; but you sit evening after evening over your books, studying how to improve your position in the world, and I think you might have given us more of your company."

"And for whom do you think I work so hard?" he asked, looking straight into her face."

"How should I know," she said saucily, though she blushed and looked down.

"Do you care to know?" he resumed; and as he spoke he advanced a step nearer her, and took the hand that hung listless by her side; the other held the flowers in which she was now burying her blushing face. She knew what was coming; she dreaded it, she longed for it, she seemed rooted to the spot as by some magic spell. She neither spoke nor stirred.

"Beatrice, I love you. I wished to work to make a position for myself in which my wife could live at ease as she had been used to do at home. I did not feel it honorable to take a girl from a good home to offer her a less comfortable one. You led me on just now, or it would not have been till I had house and range to call my own that I would have stept to you and said, Beatrice, I love you. Will you be my wife? But as it is, it is; and if you can give me only a hope, Beatrice—"

She did not answer him one tiny word. Her head was only buried deeper in the flowers, but she did not resist him either when he drew her closer to him, when he held her in his strong embrace, and pressed a kiss on her bowed head.

"Say one word to me, Beatrice," he pleaded; "one word."

"I love you, Paul," she stammered. And then hastily broke away from him and ran into the house.

A week after this the young man left for the town, where he stayed three months, and at the end of that time was appointed to a station twelve miles distant from his love. Though it divided them, it made him glad, for would it not soon bring them together? It was not an advancement that he could marry on, but it was the intermediate step to such promotion, and he was pleased to have got so far. Before departing for his new home, he went once more to say farewell to his old one, and to take away his few possessions. All was as he had left, except Beatrice, and she seemed changed—how he could hardly say.

There was always a shyness and distance about her manner towards himself that pained him. She had more the behavior of a lady than those girlish ways he had delighted in before. When he dropped some hint of this to her father he pooh-poohed it. "Why, Paul," he said, "the maid must change into the woman, and thought of approaching matrimony sobers every girl. These are cobwebs of the brain, boy; shake them off; they are not worthy of her or you."

Paul left the old Forsthaus with an anxious heart. But youth is so trustful and love so desirous to believe what it hopes, that the cheerful, friendly letters he received from the kind old Emil Bergen, full of news and messages from Beatrice, dispelled his doubts and fears. The young man worked on as steadily as ever.

But one August morning he received two letters. One was written in the stiff handwriting of his old master, the other sealed with the huge government seal. He hastily broke the latter, for he thought it might directly concern the attainment of his aim in life; nor was he mistaken. The writing offered to Paul Smitt, Forster, the Forsterei on the Brockenfeld, with a good income and certain privileges, in consideration of its lonely position.

Can I take Beatrice there? was his first thought. Will it be right thus to bury her alive? For himself he had no thought wherever she was there was life enough for him.

While thus considering, he opened the other letter. His eyes flew over the pages, and as he read his face grew hard and sad. When he had come to the end, he crunched the letter wildly in his hand, threw it far from him, and tottering into a chair burst into tears.

The letter that had changed the whole current of Paul's being ran thus:

"MY WELL LOVED PAUL—How shall I find words in which to clothe my grief—our grief—for it is yours as well as mine my boy. Beatrice is ours no longer; yesterday she left her father's home to follow the young squire of V——. All I can learn is that the gentleman has met her much lately in the wood, that they went away together, and were last seen near G—— I shall not attempt to follow her, to try and bring her back. She can be my daughter no longer. To deceive her doting old father and affianced husband—no, Paul, to forgive her is more than I can do. But you, my boy—you must remain my son, as such I have always loved you. Come to me as soon as you can leave; my eyes long to behold you, my ears to hear your voice. We will grieve together for our darling Come to your affectionate foster father, EMIL BERGEN."

Paul accepted the government offer. What place could be too lonely for him now? What place lonely enough wherein to bury himself and his grief? There was a quiet meeting of the two men, struck by the same blow, the elder brought by it nearer to the grave, the younger having formed through it a grave for the full pride of life and youth. There was not much more for Paul to hear. The father knew little of his daughter, and had not sought to learn more.

"Paul, should she ever fall in your way, deal kindly to her for her father's sake, if you can no longer do so for her own. Will you, Paul?"

"I will," he replied, firmly. "And now farewell, my good father; may we soon meet again. Happy we can never be, but perchance we may become more resigned."

"Amen!" said the old man, but he shook his head doubtfully.

From that day forth Paul Smitt, of Oderbruck, had lived in the lonely Forsthaus, and since that day there had passed ten long, weary, eventful years. He did his work conscientiously and well, was respected and feared by his servants and dependents, but during all those years no one had come any nearer to the lonely man. If any one were ill or in trouble, he was kind and sympathetic, inexhaustible in charity and well doing; but all thanks, all expression of feeling he would ward off sternly. One day sped with him like another. At 6 he would take his frugal breakfast of beer, soup, and coarse black bread; at 1 he dined as frugally; at 8 he took his supper, read for his instruction or amusement until 10; then went to bed.

Paul's grief had not diminished by his brooding on it as the years rolled on. Before he had been three weeks at his new home old Emil Bergen died, and Paul was left without a friend in the world. The only people with whom he might have visited were the keepers of the hotel on the top of the Brocken, to whom it was a two hours' walk over a rough, stony road. But he never sought their society; besides, in summer they were too busy with constant visitors, and in the winter they were either totally snowed up, or left the place altogether.

One winter night the wind howled and moaned, and beat against the firm built house as though it would level it at one gust, and when the wind ceased, the snow began steadily to fall, and falling still for eight whole days, lay so high upon the ground that the only way out of the house was by its roof. This was not unusual, and when the snow had hardened over, the inmates turned out by the roof as though it were a most natural thing. After a few days it snowed again, and one night Paul was aroused from sleep by hearing some commotion in the house.

"What is it?" he called out; "what is the matter?"

"Traveller lost in the snow, sir; we are bringing them in."

"Right," he replied. "I shall be down directly. And in a few moments he was standing among his men in the long dark passage, where by the dim light of a candle a woman's body was being borne in the house, followed by a man carrying a child. The boy was living, there was no doubt of that, but the woman's fate was doubtful. When he saw that it was a woman, Paul approached no nearer.

"Prepare a warm bedroom at once," he commanded. "Hand her over to the female servants, and let me know if she be alive or dead. For all restoratives come to me. You, my brave fellows," he said, addressing the rescuers, "come in here and drink something hot."

This invitation they were not slow to obey, and while drinking they told how they had been belated at their work, how they had heard something moaning at their feet, and how they had found this couple half buried in the snow. Presently a woman servant came in and reported that the mother was alive but very ill, and Paul ordered that if it were possible some one should go over to Andreasburg next day to fetch the doctor. Meanwhile, they should take the usual precautions for her and her child; for the care of people rescued from the snow was not a new experience at Oderbruck. Had the unfortunate been a man, Paul would have been the first at his bedside; but a woman, such a case had not occurred before, and he avoided women. For weeks this woman lay in his house half dead. Daily he inquired after her, allowed his two servants to devote their entire attention to her and the child, but in no other was allowed this incident to interfere with his life. The child, which had once ran in his way and stood in mute admiration of the splendid man in gray and green, he sternly ordered to be kept out of sight. Yet I will keep this boy well, let him have all he needs, but do not let him run in my path," he said. And it never happened again.

After months of illness, weeks of convalescence, the sick woman was restored to health, and with complete restoration spring had also set in, and she was anxious to proceed upon her way. But though warned and dissuaded by all the servants, she could not be induced to leave the house without seeing its master, and thanking him in person for his kindness.

So one evening in the twilight, when she heard his firm heavy tread along the gravel, she crept, still very weak, to the outer door behind him, and when he was about to enter his parlor, she ran down from her room and encountered him in the dark passage.

"Who is it?" he asked, he seeing still less than she, for he had come from out of the light.

"The woman whom you have sheltered for so long, sir. May I not speak a few words to you?" she asked, for he seemed inclined to enter the room, and leave her standing without.

"What is it? Do you want to know your way? My men can tell you. Or money—you shall have some."

"Neither," she said, taken aback by the hardness of his address. "I wanted to thank you." As she spoke she followed him into the room.

He stood with his back to the window and disembarrassed himself of his gun. She was opposite to him, and the failing light fell full upon her face.

"I do not love thanks. I have done no more than common humanity demanded." He looked up at her with a mein that said, you can go now. But when he saw her face was spell-bound. A wild glare came into his eyes, and he seized her fiercely by the hand.

"Beatrice, is it you?"

It was her turn to be amazed; she had not seen him clearly before; now he had turned more to the light.

"My God!" she stammered. "O no, it cannot be Paul Smitt?"

"It is," he said dropping her hand. The wild look had fled, the face had regained its hardness. "I am glad," he went on stiffly, "that chance has thrown you in my way. I can now deliver the message your dead father gave me for you."

"My father dead!" she screamed. "Oh, Heaven, this also?" She fell down fainting at his feet.

Coolly and with seeming unconcern, Paul rang for a servant, told him to remove the fainting woman, said that if she asked for a message from him they should give her a letter he would presently write, ordered that she should be aped on her way with every comfort, but commanded sternly that she might be brought no more into his presence.

Her father dead, the father to whom she was now about to go, to fall down at his feet and entreat his forgiveness, to pray him to grant a home, if not to herself, at least to her child. Led away by childish vanity, Beatrice had trusted the promises of the young squire of V——, that he would make her a lady, elevate her to his own rank. She had firmly believed until some few years since that he had married her, that the paper he had given her to sign was a true document, and that she had been basely deserted by her husband. When he left her she had settled down quietly and soberly in busy little Andreasburg, where neither her name nor her story was known. There she had lived respected and beloved, working her way steadily, keeping herself and educating her child, and even her own keen shame was beginning to deaden somewhat in feeling from its having no nourishment from without, till one day, as she was walking through the market place to take some work home, she met the man who had played her false. He was arm in arm with another gentleman, smoking and laughing. She flew towards him stammering she knew not what. He turned upon her fiercely and muttered: "You shall suffer for this, woman!" Then with some light, laughing remark to his companion, of which she could only distinguish, "Some mistaken resemblance—must be mad!" they passed along.

From that day Andreasberg was no refuge for her. Her story, mutilated and aggravated was in every one's mouth, and one day goaded to despair and frenzy, she determined to run from the town and seek her father's house once more. At least he could not be harder than the world. An angry visit from the squire, whom she had crossed effectually in a plan of marriage, caused her to pack her few valuables about herself, take up her child, and fly from him into the dark, cold night, with the snow lying thickly on the ground. She had gone on and on in a condition of half dream, with only sense enough to cover her boy from the cold; she felt how the chill air was benumbing her, how the snow clogged her footsteps, and at last knew nothing more till she found herself at the forester's house. From the wrath of the deceiver to the wrath of the deceived.

Beatrice threw herself on the floor in an agony of grief. As she lay thus, the servant Anna came in.

"Madam," she said, "your child is not well. Will you come to him?"

In an instant all her senses returned, and she followed to the adjoining room. The boy lay in his little bed, his face red with fever, moaning as though in pain, and when he saw his mother, it was but a very weak smile that played round his face.

"My child, my child!" cried Beatrice, falling on her knees beside the cot; "you must not be ill now, not just now, we cannot stay here; we must go. Do you think it is serious, Anna?"

"I'm afraid he's sickening for some child's illness, ma'am," was the reply; "at any rate, you cannot move him as he is, you must wait and see what it turns to."

"But I can stay in the house no longer," she cried; "I must, I must go!"

The Herr Forster would never turn you out while he could offer you a roof. You do not know him, madam; you do' not know how good he is. I will go to him and tell him the child is ill, and he will, I am sure, press you to remain," and before Beatrice could prevent her the girl was gone.

While Beatrice was fighting with herself, holding her child in her arms, meanwhile the door opened and a firm step passed along the floor. She did not need to raise her head. She knew who stood there.

"Beatrice," he said, and his voice was softer than it had been that morning. "Beatrice, you must stay here; you must not imperil your child's life. I shall not come into your way more than before; had you not sought me, you would never have known under whose roof you had been all this time. nor should I have known," he went on, his voice failing him somewhat, "whom I had sheltered."

For some seconds there was silence in the room; then, "Have you any belongings?" he suddenly asked, "who will be anxious at your long absence? I will send a messenger if you will tell me where and to whom."

It had cost him much to ask the question. "None."

He felt strangly relieved by the answer, why he did not know. "Are you a widow?"

"I was never a wife."

He said no more, but stood for some time silently before her. His usually firm set mouth worked ominously, and some tempest was brewing in his inner man; but he beat it down, and said after some time of silence, "See that the child wants no comforts; the doctor will, I hope, be here to-morrow; it is difficult to get one to come, we are so out of the world. I wish the boy a good recovery. Farewell!" He turned to leave the room.

"Paul!" she cried, "Paul!" and she stretched out her hands imploringly after him. She understood that he meant this to be a farewell, forever; he did not wish to see her again, and yet with a thought it all that he loved her still. She could not bear to see him depart thus.

"Hush!" he said, turning round, with his hand upon the lock of the door, "you will excite your child;" with that he opened it and vanished.

A fearful time followed this. The child lay for weeks ill of scarlet fever, combatting between life and death. Beatrice never left his bedside; neither she nor the doctor dared venture a hope for his recovery.

And Paul, he went about his daily work steadily and sternly as usual, but his daily work a greater thoughtfulness about his mouth, and a deeper sadness about his eye, and his people dared approach him less than ever. For inwardly a fierce battle was raging. He loved Beatrice still, blindly, devotedly; the sight of her had roused him from his life in death. He had learnt that she was free, could still be his, and yet he hesitated. All would be forgive and forget, but could he forget with the child daily under his eyes? Perhaps he might die in this fever; and that was his one hope and wild desire, that the child might die. He inquired constantly as to its welfare, and if he heard it was worse, a fierce pleasure would shoot through his heart.

At length, one day, when he was returning from his work, he met Beatrice in the little wood behind the house. Her face had become thin and worn with care, her eyes were sunk and red with weeping, her whole aspect piteous. The nurse had sent her into the air, declaring that if she did not go out, she, too, would be ill, and then what would become of the boy. She moved along the walks like a sad spirit, and when she saw the tall figure approaching from the opposite side, she started and turned pale.

"How is the boy?" asked Paul, coming up to her.

"He is dying, I fear; and O! I cannot bear to lose him." She rung her hands in her agony of distress.

When Paul saw her grief he felt ashamed of his wicked hope. Was that true love, he asked himself, to wish a grief thus intense to her whom he adored above all else in the world? No and it was not worthy of a true heart.

"Let me see him," he said, suddenly. "I have had much experience of illness during my lonely life."

She led the way, and he followed. As they opened the door, the nurse motioned them to silence, her finger on her mouth. "He sleeps," she whispered, "we must not wake him. This is the crisis," she murmured, turning to the forester; "either he will pass away in this slumber, or recover."

They softly approached the bedside. Beatrice kneeled down and buried her head in the clothes. She was praying. The nurse slipped softly out of the room. Paul stood at the foot of the cot and looked on. The child's little face, which Paul had last seen so bonnie and bright, was wan and thin; his breath was so softly drawn that at times it seemed to come no more; one small arm lay on the coverlet, its thin hand was clasped in its mother's grasp. She remained on her knees immovable, he knew not how long; only by her deep drawn sighs he could see how earnestly she was wrestling and imploring for the little life that lay there so passively.

The blinding tears welled into his eyes, the first tears he had shed since he had learnt her untruth towards him.

Thus the night passed, he still standing—she kneeling. When the first cold streak of dawn fell into the room, the child awoke.

"Mamma," he said feebly.

Suddenly she arose. "My child!" she exclaimed. "Saved! Thanks be to God!"

"Amen!" answered a deep voice at the foot of the bed.

She started. "Paul, you here!"

"I have been here all night, and my prayers have gone up to Heaven with yours for the recovery of your boy. May I say our boy?"

She disengaged one hand from the child's neck, and gave it to Paul. He took it and pressed an ardent kiss on its attenuated fingers and then kissed the child.

"You must go now, dear Paul," said Beatrice; "we must not excite the boy."

"May I not stay?" he pleaded, his tone gentle and the old tender look in his eyes.

"Not now, Paul, not just now. We will meet soon."

"Never to be parted again?"

"Pray Heaven no."

Six years later, the relator of these incidents visited the Brokenfeld, and put up at the Oderbruck. Walking in the Forester's little garden after dinner, she saw him sitting there, smoking a long pipe; by his side a bright woman, who held a child upon her knee, with whom the father was playing, and which crowed merrily at him. A little beyond, a bigger boy was coachman to a small girl, harnessed as his horse. They were running in full gallop towards their parents, unaware of the presence of strangers.

"See, papa," cried the elder of the two, "Beatrice and I have been for a long trot, and have brought mamma back some of her own flowers." They laid a small bunch of wild camelias before their mother.

At that moment Paul Smitt perceived his visitor, and rising politely, said he had hoped she had been content with the very frugal hospitality it was in his power to offer her.

"Oh, quite," was the reply. "Is that your family, Herr Forster? You all look very happy—more happy than I have seen most people look in the town. How do you manage to keep it so long here? And to be happy?"

"One is happy wherever one's beloved are. Is it not so, Beatrice?" he answered fervently, turning to his wife.

THE PARENTAL DUTY.—Parton says: "The best man is he who can rear the best child; and the best woman is she who can rear the best child. The whole virtue of the race—physical, moral, mental—comes into play in the most sweet, most arduous, most pleasing, most difficult of all the work done by mortals in this world."

[From the Atlantic Monthly for March.]

IS MARRIAGE HOLY?

Marriage is not only holy, but holy in a far deeper sense than men commonly imagine. By most persons the sanctity of marriage is thought to be a merely instituted thing, depending upon some arbitrary divine decree. Others, more rational, deem it to inhere in the uses which marriage subserves to the family tie. And this is true, but it is only a part of the truth. For the family tie itself is not a finality. It is only the rude acorn out of which that great tree is predestined to spring, which we call society, and which will one day melt all the warring families of the earth into the impartial unity of its embrace. Thus the true sanctity of marriage inheres at bottom in its social uses. It is the sole nursery of the social sentiment in the human bosom. This indissoluble marriage of man and woman, which constitutes the family bond, so adfastly symbolizes to the imagination of the race, long before the intellect is quickened to discern or even to guess at the spiritual truth itself, the *essential* unity of mankind; or that complete fusion of the public and private interest, of the cosmical and domestic element, in consciousness, which is eventually to constitute human society, and cover the earth with the dew and fragrance of heaven. I beg to be distinctly understood. I say that marriage, though it seems to be fast disowning the merely ritual or symbolic sanctity which has always attached to it as the guaranty of the family bond, is yet putting on a much deeper and more real because spiritual sanctity, that, namely, which belongs to it as the sole actual source and focus of the social sentiment. Let us pause here one moment.

What is the social unit? What the simplest expression to which society is reducible? What, in short, is the original germ call which lies at the base of all that we call society? Is it the individual man, or is it the family? Clearly the latter alone. The individual man is only the inorganic protoplasm, so to speak, which goes to subsequent cell formation in the family, the tribe, the city, the nation. The family itself is the primary organized cell out of which society flourishes. For society, it must be remembered, is exclusively a generic or race phenomenon in humanity. It organizes all mankind in its indissoluble unity, or gives the race the personality of a man. Hence it exacts as a foundation, not the individual man or woman, who of course are unprolific, but man and woman married, that is, united in the family bond, or with a view to prolification. And what chance of unity would exist in the family, if its offspring had not been legitimated by the previous marriage of the parents; that is, if the father and mother were not *equally* entitled by law to the love and reverence of the children? Not, unity, but the most frightful of all discords, namely, domestic discord, would then be the rule of our tenderest human intimacy; in fact, brother would so denominate sister, that the weaker sex would sink into the squalid and helpless servant of the stronger, until at last every vestige and tradition of that divine charm of privacy which we sanctifies as woman's in man's imagination, and quickens all his spiritual culture, had hopelessly disappeared. This is what woman always represents to the imagination of man, a diviner self than his own; a more private, a more sacred and intimate self than wherewith nature endows him. And this is the source of that passionate self surrender he makes in marrying; of that passionate divorce he organizes between himself and his baser nature, when he would call the woman he loves by the sacred name of wife, or make her invincibly his own. Thus if marriage constitute the social type of all sexual relations in humanity, we may say that the sentiment of sex in man is a strictly social and not a mere sensual or selfish sentiment, and marriage consequently becomes the very cradle of society. The distinctively generic or race element in humanity, unlike that of animality, is moral, not physical; is freedom, not servitude; is rationality, not caprice. And society consequently, regarded as exhibiting the human conscience in universal form, or expressing the race interest in humanity, has to do with man only as a moral or rational being, that is to say, as he is under law to his father and mother, brother and sister, friend and neighbor. Now the family alone, in the absence of society, provides man with this related, or moral and rational, existence; so that marriage, as alone guaranteeing the family integrity, may be said to guarantee implicitly the integrity of the human race as well.

LA MUSICA TRIONFANTE.

BY T. W. PARSONS.

In the storm, in the smoke, in the fight I come
To help thee, dear, with my fife and my drum.
My name is Music; and when the bell
Rings for the dead man, I rule the knell;
And whenever the mariner wrecked, through the blast
Hears the fog-bell sound . . . . . it was I who past.
The Poet hath told you how I, a young maid,
Came fresh from the gods to the myrtle shade;
And thence, by a power divine, I stole
To where the waters of Mincius roll,
Then down by Clitumnus and Arno's vale
I wandered, passionate and pale,
Until I found me at sacred Rome,
Where one of the Medici gave me a home.
Leo, great Leo, he worshipped me,
And the Vatican stairs for my foot were free;
And now I am come to your glorious land
Give me good greeting with open hand.
Remember Beethoven; I gave him his art;
And Sebastian Bach, and superb Mozart:
Join *those* in my worship! and when you go
Wherever their mighty organs blow,
Hear in them heaven's trumpets te men below.
—*Old and New.*

HORSES.

Horses, like men, are sometimes developed by accident. Marsk, at one time styled the "prince of horse," was a singular illustration of this truth. Though well bred, his pedigree running back to the reign of Charles I., he was unfortunate on the turf—so disappointing his owner, the Duke of Cumberland, that in 1766 he was sold at Tattersall's for a farmer for a trifling sum. The horse now led an obscure life, covering country mares, at a half guinea each the season. The farmer then sold Marsk to Mr. Wildman for $100; and he boasted that the horse was well sold. As soon as the proper opportunity was afforded him, Marsk proved the value of his blood. He became the most famous of English sires, for among his get were such celebrities as Eclipse, Shark, Pretender, Honest Kit, Masquerade, Leviathan, Salopian, and Pontac. Shark beat the best racers of his day, winning in matches and sweepstakes the large sum of $83,000. Squirt, the sire of Marsk, also had a curious history. He was condemned as worthless by Sir Harry Harpier, and ordered to be shot. And as he was being led to his execution by the huntsman, the stud groom begged for his life. The petition was churlishly granted, and Squirt afterwards distinguished himself in the stud. Many well authenticated facts attest the uncertainty of breeding, and demonstrate by what a slender thread fame is bound. Latterly years have had an illustration of the capricious nature of blood. As yearlings, a large sum was paid for the brother of Asteroid and the brother of Norfolk. Each was expected to rival the fame of his illustrious kinsman. But both disappointed the public. The racing career of each was singularly unfortunate, and now the two sons of Lexington have been withdrawn from the turf with little reputation as racers. Their blood we know is pure, and with the performances of Asteroid and Norfolk fresh in memory, we are at a loss to account for the failure of Hotspur and Northumberland. There must be something in each that has never been developed. Fortune has been capricious with them, and it would not surprise us to learn that the sun of each should set in a halo of glory. The good opportunity will be presented in due time, and then we honestly believe we shall discover that there is no mistake in form and breeding. Though unfortunate on the turf, we have great hopes of Hotspur and Northumberland distinguishing themselves in the stud. Both are without blemish, and there is no reason why they should not get race horses.—*Turf, Field and Farm.*

TAKING UP THE CROSS.

The late Dr. Woods, of Andover, was once travelling in the State of New York, when he stopped for the night at a public house. After tea, the landlady came into the parlor where he was sitting, and in reply to his questions, informed him that she was a professed Christian. "I used," she said, "to go to the Presbyterian Church, but they would not let me take up my cross, and then I went to the Methodist." "What were the circumstances of the case?" inquired the doctor. "Why," said she, "I wanted to take up my cross and speak in meeting, and they would not let me." "Well," said the doctor, "I don't think I quite understand it. From your statement it would appear that your cross was to sit still, and that you went away to avoid it." This, however, she was utterly unable to see.

It is very desirable to perceive the difference between taking up the cross, and having our own way. The manufacture of spurious crosses is by no means confined to the Romish Church. Many a man is trying to get to the stake in defence of a shibboleth that has grown right out of his heart, not yet sanctified.—*Congregationalist and Recorder.*

Domestic Economy.

For the Massachusetts Ploughman.

VALUABLE RECIPES.

FROM LADY CONTRIBUTORS.

TEA CAKE.—Four cups of flour, two of milk, three teaspoons of cream tartar, two of soda, two eggs, half a cup of sugar, one large spoonful of butter.

A RENT STORY.

Once in the Latin quarter in Paris, one may learn many useful facts. Among others, an ingenious method for avoiding payment of rent that would be an honor to Dick Swiveller. The explanation of the method is inseparable from its illustration:

The landlady of a certain medical student who ineffectually dunned her delinquent tenant for some time, resolved at last upon resorting to extreme measures. She entered the student's room one morning, and said in a decided tone:

"You must either pay me my rent or be off this very day."

"I prefer to be off," said the student, who, on his side, was prepared for the encounter.

"Well, then, Sir, pack up directly."

"I assure you, madam, I will go with the utmost expedition, if you will assist me a little."

"With the greatest pleasure."

The student thereupon went to a wardrobe, and tranquilly took out a skeleton, which he handed to the dame.

"Will you have the kindness to place this at the bottom of my trunk?" folding it up.

"What is that?" asked the landlady, recoiling.

"That?"

"Pooh, that! Oh, it's the skeleton of my first landlord. He was inconvenient enough to claim the rent of three terms that I owed him, and then I—be careful that you do not break it—it is number one of my collection."

"Monsieur!" exclaimed the dame, growing visibly paler.

The student, without replying, opened a second drawer and took out another skeleton.

"This is my landlady in the Rue l'Ecole de Medecin. A very worthy woman, but who also demanded the rent of two terms. Will you place it on the other? It is number two."

The landlady opened her eyes as large as *pavesicheres.*

"This," continued the student—"this is number three. They are all here! A very honest man, and whom I did not pay either. Let us pass on to number four."

But the landlady was no longer there. She had fled almost frightened to death.

From that day no more was said about the rent.

DOGS.

Sir Walter Scott declared that he could believe anything of dogs. He was very fond of them, studied their idiosyncrasies closely, wrote voluminously in their praise, and told many stories about their unaccountable habits. Once, he said, he desired an old pointer of great experience, a prodigious favorite, and steady in the field as a rock, to accompany his friend Daniel Terry, the actor, then on a visit to Abbotsford, and who, for the nonce, voted himself for a short exercise. The dog wagged his tail in token of pleased obedience, shook out his ears, led the way with a confident air, and began ranging about with most scientific precision. Suddenly he pointed; up sprang a numerous covey. Terry, bent on slaughter, fired both barrels at once, aiming in the centre of the enemy, and missed. The dog turned around in utter astonishment, wondering who could be behind him, and looked Terry in the face; but after a pause, shook himself again and went to work as before. A second steady point followed, and fresh fusilade, and no effects. The dog then deliberately wheeled about and trotted home at his leisure, leaving the discomfited venator to find for himself during the remainder of the day. Sir Walter was fond of repeating the anecdote, and always declared that it was literally true, while Terry never said more in contradiction than that "it was a good story."

THE HAIR.

The quality and color of the hair was a subject of speculative theory of the ancients. Lank hair was considered indicative of pusillanimity and cowardice; yet the head of Napoleon was guiltless of a curl! Frizzly hair was thought an indication of coarseness and clumsiness. The hair most in esteem was that terminating in ringlets. Dares, the historian, states that Achilles and Ajax Telamon had curling locks; and also was the hair of Timon, the Athenian. As to the Emperor Augustus, nature had favored him with such redundant locks that no hairdresser in Rome could produce the like. Auburn, or light brown hair was thought the most distinguished, as portending intelligence, industry, a peaceful disposition, as well as a great susceptibility to the tender passion. Castor and Pollux had brown hair, so also had Mencius. Black hair does not appear to have been esteemed by the Romans; but red was an object of aversion. Ages before the time of Judas, red hair was thought a mark of reprobation, both in the case of Typhon, who deprived his brother of the sceptre of Egypt, and Nebuchadnezzar, who acquired it in expiation of his atrocities. Even the donkey tribe suffered from this ill-omened visitation, according to the proverb of "wicked as a red ass." Asses of that color were held in such detestation among the Copts, that every year they sacrificed one by hurling it from a high wall.

☞ Do our readers know what is the French idea of "a well bred man?" According to a writer in *La National*, whose authority may not be unimpeachable—the idea is exemplified in the following incident: A French nobleman, visiting an English nobleman in London, was offered by the latter a glass of "excellent port wine." The English nobleman's butler made a mistake, however, and somehow filled the visitor's glass with cod liver oil. This did not prevent the Frenchman from swallowing the liquid presented to him. He drank up the whole, we are told, without a shudder, and said it was indeed excellent.

Anecdotes.

A JOLLY JUDGE. A judge in Wisconsin who had tried a suit for the recovery of a liquor bill, the defence which was that the liquor sold was of a very inferior quality, charged the jury in the following sensible language:

"Gentlemen of the jury, pure and unadulterated liquor is a wholesome, pleasant beverage, and as far as the experience of the Court extends, conduces to health and longevity; but a bad article, gentlemen, cannot be tolerated; and if dealers from below will send up in this country, so blessed with the smiles of a benignant Creator, such a miserable quality of liquor as the proof shows this to have been, in this court, gentlemen of the jury, they cannot recover."

The verdict was, of course, for the defendant.

☞ An Arkansas preacher of the Hardshell Baptist persuasion announced that on the following Sabbath he should "preach again Sunday Schools."

When the day arrived, he took for his text: "Woe unto you, Scribes and Pharisees."

"My breethering," said he, "thar a'n't narry text in this yer Bible that warent guv to us as a rule, and a guide, and a consolation—an. Now, my breethering, when you want a hoss to stop when he is gettin' too *reachin'* we sing out ter that her hoss, woe-ah. So the Bible, seein' ther Scribes and Pharisees strikin' out too reachin' a gait—*like these yer Sunday School fellars*—says to them, woe-ah."

☞ An old lady, brought up as a witness before a bench of magistrates, when asked to take off her bonnet, refused to do so, saying:

"There's no law compelling a woman to take off her bonnet."

"Oh," said one of the magistrates, "you know the law, do you? Perhaps you would like to come up and sit here and teach us?"

"No, I thank you, sir," replied the old lady, "there are enough old women there already!"

☞ Nat M——was a queer genius. A neighbor found him one day at work at an enormous wood pile, sawing away for dear life with an intolerably dull saw. "Why don't you sharpen your saw, Nat?" asked the neighbor. Looking up with an inimitably droll expression, "I should think I had work enough to do to saw up this wood pile, without stopping to sharpen saws."

A CURIOUS ADVERTISEMENT. The following advertisement for the recovery of a red calf was actually published in a paper of Columbia County, Pennsylvania, in the summer of 1869:

Lost—A Calf Ret. His two behind legs was White. He was a she calf. Everybody what catches him giba tree Dollars.

E. D. SPEAR, M. D.,
THE OLD INDIAN DOCTOR,
So much Celebrated for his Remarkable Cures.
Office, 713 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

The medical record of Dr. E. D. Spear, as a successful physician in the treatment of chronic diseases, is without parallel. Many are suffered to die who might be saved. Dr. Spear makes a direct appeal to the substantial, intelligent and cultivated citizens of our country, and asks that his claims as a physician, of extraordinary powers, may be investigated. If you are beyond human aid, Dr. Spear will not deceive you. If you have ONE CHANCE, he will save you. Come to his Office and consult him, free. If you cannot visit him, consult him by letter.

Statement of Wm. B. Trask, Esq.
DORCHESTER, November 22, 1865.
Dr. E. D. Spear—Dear Sir: I have long been desirous of expressing in writing my grateful appreciation of your kind and beneficial service to me when an invalid. I went to you an entire stranger on the 28th of August, 1865—more than nine years ago,—about as weak in body as one could be and walk. I had become thus reduced by a long and close application to a business unsuited to my condition. My blood being in a bad state an irregularity of circulation was produced, and a derangement of the vital organs, which would probably have soon terminated fatally had there not been an immediate application of the proper remedies. Your excellent medicines and timely advice soon produced a change, slowly but surely, renovating the whole system. Your "Liverwort Pills," which I would not be without, have done wonders for me in removing obstructions and in regulating the system. They have operated beneficially and thoroughly, and in a manner truly remarkable. I feel as though I could not say too much in their praise. Everybody would use them, I think, if they knew their value. Repeatedly have I recommended these Pills to my neighbors, who have used them with decided benefit. With your medicines they have been instrumental in raising me from a state of great debility to comparative health. Although for some years I had occasional relapses, produced by an overtasked system, your medicines would soon vitalize and restore my enfeebled energies. By continued perseverance in following out your judicious directions I owe, under Providence, my restoration to what my friends and myself consider a good degree and permanency of health. I would therefore cordially recommend to those who are afflicted, a fair trial of what I consider your superior medical treatment. With sincere regards, I am yours truly, WM. B. TRASK.

SCROFULA CONSUMPTION—At the age of twenty years was taken sick, and grew rapidly worse, and could do no work for months. I was so very weak that I could sit up only a few minutes at a time. Was reduced so low as good a physician as we have in these parts. He did me but little good. He said it was useless to give me anything more. I then tried several medicines that I had read of. By this time hereditary scrofula was fully developed through my whole system. The bones over my arm were bare with scrofula sores; I had an abscess between my shoulders, I coughed badly, my lungs seemed diseased, my whole system feeble and my circulation firmly seated. I had seen the good effects of Dr. Spear's medicines in the case of my brother some years before. Soon after Dr. Spear's arrival I grew stronger. In August my cough was well. The old cupboard of my elbow came off and left new bone. Pieces of bone came away from my spine, my sores all healed, my scrofula went away, and now my arm is sound and I once more enjoy